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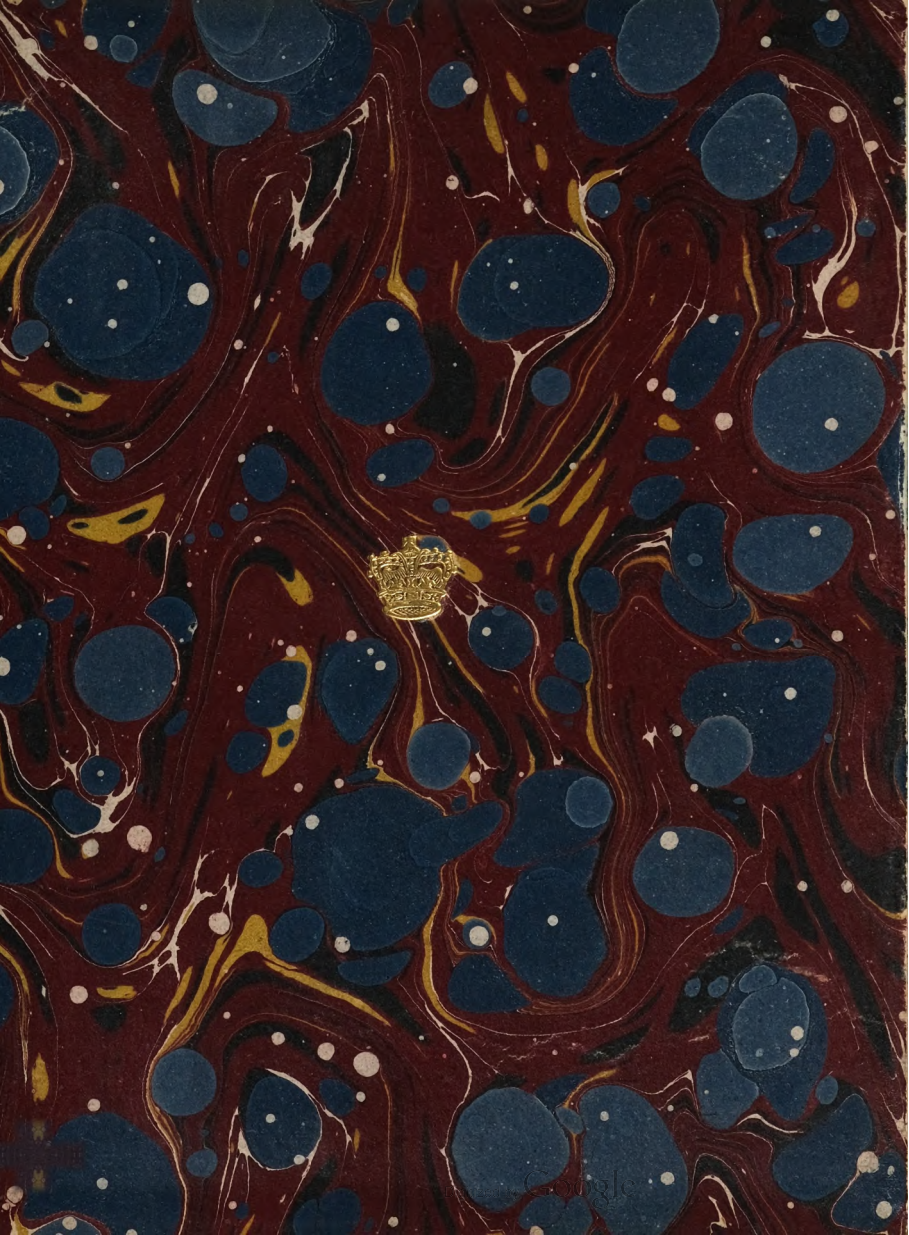

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First Editions.

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A FEAST FOR WORMES.

SET FORTH IN A POEME OF THE HISTORY OF IONAH.

By FRA. QVARLES.

This Naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,
Is Wretched, helpleſſe MAN, *borne to Die:*
On either ſide, an ANGELL *doth protect him*
As well from EVILL, *as to* GOOD *direct him:*
Th'one poynts to DEATH, *the t'other to a* CROVVNE;
Who THIS *attaines, muſt tread the* OTHER *downe:*
All which denotes the Briefe of MANS *Eſtate,*
That HEE'S *to goe from* HENCE, *by* THIS, *to* THAT.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngſton*, for *Richard Moore*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard, in Fleetſtreet. 1620.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, ROBERT, LORD SYDNEY, Baron of *Penshurst*, Viscount *Lisle*, Earle of *Leicester*, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

Jacob —— *Collivaulx*.

— 1734. —

SIR: two things more especiall haue made me industrious to doe your Lordship seruice: The one is, the loue you did beare to my (long since) deceased Father; whom (dead) your Lordship did please to honour with your Noble remembrance. The other is, your vndeserued Fauours, and Honourable Countenance towards me in your passage thorow *Germany*, where you haue left in the hearts of men, a *Pyramis* of your Worth. As for the first, I am heire to that seruice, which my Father, (alwayes ob-

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ſeruant to your Honour) was ready to performe. As for the ſecond, my ſelfe, in more particular ſtand obliged. In reſpect of both, heere I dedicate my ſelfe, and theſe few leaues to your truly-Noble Selfe, hoping your Lordſhip will vaile my boldneſſe in your good acceptance, and crowne my labours with your approbation:

SIR,

Your Lordſhips truly obſeruant,

FRA. QVARLES.

TO THE READER.

Reader, I fairely salute thee:

I List not to tyre thy patient eares with vnnecessary language (*the abuse of complement.*) *My mouth's no* Dictionary: *it onely serues as a needfull* Commentary, *vpon the obscure* Text *of my meaning.*

I haue heere sent thee the first fruits *of an abortiue* Birth. *It is a dainty* subiect, *not Fabulous, but* Truth *it selfe.*

VVonder not at the Title, (A FEAST FOR WORMES:) *for it is a* Song *of* Mercy: *VVhat greater* FEAST *than* Mercy? *And what are* Men *but* WORMES?

Moreouer, I haue gleaned some few Meditations, *obuious to the* History; *Let me aduise thee to keepe the* Taste *of the* History, *whilest thou readest the* Meditations, *and that will make thee* Relish *both, the better.*

Vnderstanding Reader, fauour me: Gently expound, what it is too late to correct.

He le va de Golpe, Dios sea con ella.

Farewell.

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THE PROPOSITION OF the whole Worke.

'Tis not the Record of Great HECTORS *Glory,*
Whose match lesse Valour *makes the* World *a Story;*
Nor yet the swelling of that Romans *Name,*
That onely Came, *and* Look'd, *and* Ouercame;
Nor One, *nor* All *of those braue* Worthies *Nine,*
(Whose Might was Great, and Acts almost Diuine,
That liu'd like Gods, *but di'de like* Men, *and gone)*
Shall giue my Pen *a Taske to treat vpon:*
I sing the praises of the KING *of* Kings,
Out of whose mouth, *a* two-edg'd Smiter *springs,*
Whose Words *are* Mystery, *whose* Works *are* Wonder,
Whose Eyes *are* Lightning, *and whose* Voyce *is* Thunder,
Who like a Curtaine *spreads the* Heauens *out,*
Spangl'd with Starres, *in Glory round about:*
'Tis HE *that cleft the furious waues in twaine,*
Making a High-way passage *through the* Maine:
'Tis He *that turn'd the waters into* Blood,
And smote the Rocky stone, *and caus'd a* Flood:
'Tis HE, *that's iustly Armed in his* Ire,
Behind with Plagues, *before with* flaming Fire:
More bright then mid-day Phœbus, *are his* Eyes,
And whosoeuer sees his Visage, Dyes.
I sing the Praises of Great Iudah's Lion,
The fragrant Flowre *of* Iesse, *the* Lambe *of* Sion,
Whose Head *is whiter then the driuen* Snow,
Whose Visage *doth like flames of* Fire *Glow:*

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His Loynes *begirt with Golden* Belt, *His* Eyne
Like Titan, *riding in his Southerne* Shine,
His Feet *like burning* Braſſe, *and as the noyſe*
Of ſurgie Neptunes *roaring, is his* Voyce.
This is that Paſchall Lambe, *whoſe deareſt* Blood
Is ſoueraigne Drinke, *whoſe* Fleſh *is ſauing* Food:
His precious Blood, *the Worthies of the* Earth
Did drinke, which (though but borne of Mortall *birth)*
Returnd them Deities: *For who drinkes* THIS,
Shall be receiu'd into Eternall Bliſſe:
Himſelfe the GIFT, *which* HE *himſelfe did giue,*
His Stripes *heale vs, and by* HIS Death *we liue:*
HEE *acting* GOD *and* MAN *in double Nature,*
Did reconcile Mankind, *and* Mans Creator.
I, heer's a TASKE *indeed; If* Mortals *could*
Not make a Verſe, yet Rocks *and* Mountaines *would:*
The Hils *ſhall daunce, the* Sunne *ſhall ſtop his Courſe,*
Hearing the ſubiect *of this* high *Diſcourſe:*
The Horſe, *and* Gryphin *ſhall together* ſleepe,
The Woolfe *ſhall fawne vpon the ſilly* Sheepe,
The Crafty Serpent, *and the Fearfull* Hart
Shall ioyne in Conſort, *and each beare a* part,
And leape for Ioy, *when my* VRANIA *ſings,*
She *ſings the praiſes of the* KING *of* Kings.

The

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THE INTRODVCTION.

¶ THat * *Ancient Kingdome*, that old *Assur* swai'd,
Shew'd two great *Cities*. Ah! but both decai'd,
Both mighty Great, but of vnequall growth;
Both Great in *People*, and in *Building*, both;
But Ah! What hold is there of *Earthly* Good? (stood.
Now *Grasse* growes there, where these braue *Cities*
The name of one, Great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From High *Armænia* to the *ruddy* Seas,
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.
¶ The other *Ninus*, *Niniueh* the *Great*,
So huge a *Fabrick*, and well chosen *Seat*,
Dan *Phœbus* fiery *Steeds* (with Maines becurld,
That circundates in twice twelue houres the *World*)
Ne'r saw the like: By Great King * *Ninus* hand,
'Twas raisd and builded, in th' *Assyrians* Land,
Which he subdude: 'Twas plac'd twixt *riuers* twaine,
Licus, and swift *Tygris* that runnes amaine:
Begirt she was with *Walls* of wondrous might,
Creeping *twice fifty foot* in measur'd height.
Vpon their bredth, (if ought we may relie
On the report of Sage *Antiquity*)
Three *Chariots* fairly might themselues display,
And ranke together in a *Battell-ray*:
The *Circuit* that her mighty Bulke imbraces,
Containes the mete of *sixty thousand paces*:

* *Assyria.*

Diodor. Siculus, lib. 3. rerum antiqu. c. 4.

*Pliny, lib. 6. cap. 26. Strabo, lib. 16. princip. Ptolimæus, lib. 6. Geograph. cap. 1. * Assur Genes. cap. 10. 11. S^t. Augus. lib. 15. de ciuit. Dei. Diod. Sic. cap. 1. rerum antiqu.*

The Situation of the City.

The height of the Walls.

The Bredth.

The Circuit of the City.

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Within her well-fenc't-*walles* you might diſcouer
The number of her Towers. Diod. Siculus cap. 3. rerum antiquarum. Fiue hundred ſtately *Towers*, thrice told ouer;
Whereof the higheſt draweth vp the eye,
As well the low'ſt, an hundred *Cubits* hie;
All rich in thoſe things, which to ſtate belong,
Her beauty and ſtrength. For beauty, *Braue*, and for munition, *Strong*:
Duly, and daily this *Great worke* was tended
The number of her workmen. Radulf. Volateranus. With *ten thouſand Workmen*; Begun, and ended
In *eight yeeres ſpace*; How beautifull! How faire
Thy Buildings! And how foule thy *Vices* are!
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Ioy* be neuer dri'de,
Thou haſt a *Palace*, that's renown'd ſo much,
The like was *neuer*, *is*, nor *will* be ſuch.
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, trebble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Cups*) o'rflow;
For this thy *Palace* of ſo great renowne,
Nah. 3. 15. Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batterd downe.
But cheere vp, *Niniueh*, thine inbred might,
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foemans* ſpite:
Thy Bulwarkes are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Diſdaines to ſtoope to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchfull *Towers* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in ſafety, and thy *Foe-man* out:
But thy *Bulwarks* aide, cannot withſtand
The direfull ſtroke of High *Almighties* hand;
Thy Wafer-walles at dread *Iehouah's* blaſt
Shall quake, and quiuer, and ſhall downe be caſt:
Thy watchfull *Towers* ſhall aſleepe be found,
And nod their drowſie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall,
When *Iuſtice* brandiſheth her Sword, muſt fall:

Thy

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Thy lofty *Towers* ſhall be dumbe, and yeeld
To High *Reuenge*; *Reuenge* muſt win the field;
Vengeance cries loud from heauen, ſhe cannot ſtay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brim'd her *Vials* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* ſhall be burnt, thy *People* ſlaine:
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and ſwolne with pride, *The ſinnes of Niniueh.*
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltleſſe *blood* are dy'de;
Thy ſilly *Babes* doe ſtarue for want of *Food*,
Whoſe tender *Mothers* thou haſt drench't in *Blood:*
Women with child, lie in the ſtreets about,
Whoſe *Braines* thy ſauage *hands* haue daſhed out:
Diſtreſſed *Widowes* weepe, (but weepe in vaine)
For their deare *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* haue ſlaine:
By one mans *Force*, another man's deuour'd,
Thy *Wiues* are rauiſht, and thy *Maids* deflowr'd,
Where *Iuſtice* ſhould, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac't:
Thy' *Altars* defild, and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* haue taſted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* haſt left, thy *Children* haue drunke vp:
Thy bloody *ſinnes*, thine *Abels* guiltleſſe *blood*
Cries vp to heauen for *Vengeance*, cries aloud:
Thy *Sinnes* are ripe, and ready for the *Sickle*.
Heere rouze thy ſelfe, my *Pen*, and breathe a little.

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THE ARGVMENT OF THE HISTORY.

[a] Chap. 1. 1. 2. GOd [a] *sent* Ionah *the Prophet, to the* Nineuites, *to denounce his* Iudgements *against them for their* sinnes: [b] 1. 3. *but* Ionah *tooke shipping, intending to fly to* Tarshish: [c] 1. 4. God *raised a* Storme, *which indangered the* Ship: [d] 1. 5. *Whereupon the* Mariners *(perplext)* [e] 1. 6. *did cast* Lots, *to see for whose sake the* Tempest *was: The* Lot *fell vpon* Ionah, [f] 1. 15. They *all consented, and cast* Ionah *into the* Sea: [g] 1. 17. *But God prouided a* Whale, *which receiued* Ionah, *and swallowed him, in whose* Belly *he continued* three, Dayes, [h] Chap. 2. 2. *and* three Nights: *Where* ([h] He *praying* to God) [i] 2. 10. God *at length spake to the* Whale, *and the* Whale *did cast him vpon dry* Land *safe and sound*: [k] Chap. 3. 1. 2. *So* God *commanded* Ionah *the second time, to goe and denounce his* Iudgements *against the* Niniuites. [l] 3. 3. *So* Ionah *went to* Niniueh [m] 3. 4. *and prophecied, that (vpon the expiring of* forty dayes) Niniueh *should be destroyed*: [n] 3. 5. *Whereupon the* Niniuites *beleeued*; [o] 3. 7. *And the* King *caused a* Fast *to bee proclaimed*, [p] 3. 10. *so that* God *likewise repented of the* Euill *that* He *had intended to haue done them*: [q] Chap. 4. 1. *Vpon which*, Ionah *was* discontented, [r] 4. 2. *Desired to* die, [s] 4. 5. *Went out of the* City, *& lay without the* Gate, *to see what would become of* Niniueh *after the forty dayes*: [t] 4. 6. *There he made him a* Booth *of reeds and boughes, to guard him from the extremity of the* heat *of the* Sunne,

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Sunne, *and* Wind. *But the heat of the* Sunne, *and the fer-*
uency of the Wind *ſtrait wither'd it:* [u] *Whereupon* God [u] 4. 6.
raiſed vp a Gourd, *which gaue him much content.* [*] *But the* [*] 4. 7.
next morning, God *ſent a* Worme *which did eate it to the*
ground: [x] *So* Ionah *grew againe into* paſſion, *for the loſſe* [x] 4. 8.
of the Gourd, *wiſht to* die, [y] *And iuſtified his* Anger: [y] 4. 9.
[z] *Whereupon* God *deputes with* Ionah, *framing his argu-* [z] 4. 10.
ment, à minore ad maius, viz. *That if thou* (Ionah) *hadſt*
ſo much compaſſion, and grieued ſo much for the loſſe of a
trifling Gourd, *Should not* I (*that am the* God *of mercy*) [*] 4. 11.
take Compaſſion vpon ſo Great *a City?*

TO

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TO THE MOST HIGH:

HIS

HVMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES

HIS

FAVOVRABLE ASSISTANCE.

O *All-sufficient God*, Great *Lord* of *Light*,
Without whose Gracious *ayde*, & cõstant *Sprite*,
No *labours* prosper (howsoe're begun)
But flie like *Mists* before the morning *Sun*:
O raise my *thoughts*, and cleare my *Apprehension*,
Infuse thy *Spirit* into my weake *Invention*:
Reflect thy *Beames* vpon my feeble *Eyes*,
Shew me the *Mirrour* of thy *Mysteries*;
My Art-lesse *Hand*, my humble *Heart* Inspire,
Inflame my frozen *Tongue* with holy Fire:
Rauish my stupid *Senses* with thy *Glory*;
Sweeten my *Lips* with sacred *Oratory*:
And (thou O FIRST and LAST) assist my *Quill*,
That *first* and *last*, I may performe thy *Will*:
My sole *intent's* to blazon forth thy *Praise*;
My Ruder *Pen* expects no *Crowne* of *Bayes*.
Suffice it then, Thine *Altar* I haue kist:
Crowne me with *Glory*, and take the *Bayes* that list.

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A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Word of God to Ionah *came,*
Commanded Ionah *to proclaime,*
The vengeance of his Maiesty,
Against the sinnes of Nineuy.

Historia Ionæ incipit.

Sect. 1.

HE Dreadfull Word of God, his high Decree, Chap. 1. vers. 1.
That aye remaines, and cannot frustrate bee,
Came down to *Ionah*, from the heuens aboue,
Came downe to * *Ionah*, heauens anoynted Doue,
Ionah, the flowre of old *Amittais* youth,
Ionah, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to * Truth,
The blessed Type of him, that di'de for vs,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus,
" Arise, trusse vp thy loynes, make all things meet,
" And put thy Sandalls on thy hasty feet,
" Gird vp thy reynes, and take thy staffe in hand,
" Make no delay, but goe, where I command;

* *Ionah interp. a Doue.*
* *Amittai interp. a Truth.*
Vers. 2. *Gods charge to Ionah.*

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" Me pleases not to send thee *(Ionah)* downe,
" To sweet Gath-Hepher, thy deare natiue Towne,
" Whose tender paps, with plenty ouerflow,
" Nor yet vnto thy brethren shalt thou goe,
" Amongst the Hebrewes, where thy spredden fame
" Fore-runnes the welcome of thine honor'd name,
" No, I'le not send thee thither: Vp, Arise,
" And goe to Nineueh, where no allyes,
" Nor consanguinity preserues thy blood,
" To Nineueh, where strangers are withstood:
" To Nineueh, a City farre remou'd
" From thine acquaintance, where tha'rt not belou'd:
" I send thee to Mount Sinay; not Mount Sion,
" Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Lion:
Ier. 20.3. " Ne yet to *Lydia*, but to bloody * *Passur*,
" Not to the land of *Canan*, but of *Assur*,
" Whose language will be riddles to thine eares,
" And thine againe will be as strange to theirs;
" I say, to *Nineueh*, the worlds great Hall,
" The Monarchs seat, high Court Imperiall:
" But terrible Mount *Sinay* will affright thee,
" And *Pashurs* heauy hand is bent to smite thee:
" The Lions rore, the people's strong and stout,
" The Bulwarkes stand afront to keepe thee out.
" Great *Ashur* minaces with whip in hand,
" To entertaine thee (welcome) to his land.
" What then? Arise, be gone; stay not to thinke:
" Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting shrinke.
" What then, if cruell *Pashur* heape on strokes?
" Or *Sinay* blast thee with her sulph'rous smokes?
" Or *Ashur* whip thee? Or the Lions rent thee?
" P'sh; on with courage; I, the Lord haue sent thee:

Away,

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" Away, away, lay by thy fooliſh pity,
" And goe to *Nineueh* that mighty City:
" Cry lowd againſt it, let thy dreadfull voice
" Make all the City eccho with the noyſe:
" Not like a *Doue*, but like a Dragon goe,
" Pronounce my iudgement, and denounce my *Woe*:
" Make not thine head a fountaine full of teares,
" To weepe in ſecret for her ſinnes: Thine eares
" Shall heare ſuch things, wil make thine eyes run ouer,
" Thine eyes ſhall ſmart with what they ſhall diſcouer:
" Spend not in priuate, thoſe thy zealous drops,
" But hew, and hacke; ſpare neither trunke, nor lops:
" Make heauen, & earth rebound, whē thou diſcharges,
" Plead not like *Paul*, but roare like *Boanarges*:
" Let not the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,
" Nor let the terrours of the Rampiers feare thee:
" Let no man bribe thy fiſt, (I well aduiſe thee)
" Nor foule meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee:
" Ramme vp thine eares: Thy heart of ſtone ſhall bee;
" Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to thee:
" Goe cry againſt it. If they aske thee, Why?
" Say, God of heauen commanded thee to cry:
" In ſtead of prayers, and duties they ſhould doe me,
" Behold, their wickedneſſe is mounted to me:
" The fatneſſe of their fornication fryes
" On coales of raging luſt, and vpward flies,
" And makes me ſicke: I heare the mournfull grones
" And heauy ſighs of ſuch, whoſe aking bones
" Th'oppreſſor grindes: Alas, their grones implore me,
" Their pray'rs, and their oppreſſions come before me:
" Behold, my children they haue ſlaine, and kill'd,
" And bath'd their hands within the blood they ſpill'd.

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" The ſteame of guiltleſſe blood makes ſuit vnto me,
" The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
" The vile prophaner of my ſacred Names,
" He teares my titles, and mine honour maimes,
" Makes Reth'rick of an oath, ſweares, and forſweares,
" Recks not my Mercy, nor my Iudgement feares:
" They eat, they drink, they ſleepe, they tyre the Day
" In wanton dalliance, and delightfull play.
" Heauens winged Herald *Ionas*, vp, and goe
" To mighty Niniueh, Denounce my woe;
" Aduance thy voice, and when thou haſt aduanc't it,
" Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out againſt it:
Explicit Hiſt. " I come my Selfe with plagues, Goe thou afore me,
" For all their wickednesſe is come before me.

Apolog. Authoris.

IT was my morning Muſe; And for her ſake
I thus apply my ſelfe to vndertake
This ſerious taske, (A taske for Doctors Muſe
To ſpend vpon) Then let me pleade excuſe:
For as good Phyſicke will not bate his force,
And (being well appli'd) prooue ne're the worſe,
Though giue by hands, that could not reade, nor write,
That skill not how, nor need not know t'apply't:
So this (perchance) may make another keene,
Though I, and it be blunt (as whetſtones beene.)

Applicatio.

TO thee (*Malfido*) now I turne my Quill,
That God is ſtill that God, and will be ſtill.

The

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The painfull Pastors take vp *Ionas* roome:
And thou the Niniuite, to whom they come.

Meditatio prima.

HOw great's the loue of God vnto his creature?
Or is his Wisedome, or his Mercy greater?
I know not whether: O th'exceeding loue
Of highest God! that from his Throne aboue,
Will send the brightnesse of his Grace to those
That grope in Darknesse, and his Grace oppose:
He helpes, prouides, inspires, and freely giues,
As pleas'd to see vs ruell out our liues.
He giues vs from the heape, He measures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his stinted lot,
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,
(With such like oyle as from the Widowes cruse
Issued forth) in fulnesse, without wasting,
Where plenty may be had, yet plenty lasting.
I, there is care in heauen, and heauenly sprights,
That guides the world, & guards poore mortall wights.
There is; else were the miserable state
Of Man, more wretched and vnfortunate
Than sauage beasts: But O th'abounding loue
Of highest God! whose Angels from aboue
Dismount the Towre of Blisse, fly to and fro,
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is such?
Or why should he loue retchlesse Man so much?
Why? what are men? But quicken'd lumps of earth?
A feast for wormes, A bubble full of mirth,
A looking-glasse for griefe, A flash, A minnit,

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A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it:
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a ſong:
A winters Duſt; A worme of fiue foot long:
Begot in ſinne; In darkneſſe nouriſht: Borne
In ſorrow, Naked, Shiftleſſe, and forlorne:
His firſt voice (heard) is crying for reliefe,
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is ſinfull, and his Youth is vaine,
His life's a puniſhment, his Death's a paine:
His life's an howre of Ioy, a world of Sorrow,
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans life's an Houreglaſſe, which being run,
Concludes that houre of Ioy, and ſo is dun.

¶ *Ionah* muſt goe: Nor is this charge alone
To *Ionah* giuen, but giuen to euery one.
You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight
In dealing Iuſtice, and maintaining right:
There lies your *Nineueh*. Merchants, ariſe,
Away, and to your Ships, and Merchandiſe.
Artificers, ariſe, and ply your ſhops,
And worke your trade, and eate your meat with drops.
Paul, to thy Tents, and *Peter*, to thy Net,
And all muſt goe that way which God hath ſet.

¶ Grant, liefeſt Lord, for our Deare *Borrow* ſake,
Thy loue, in ſending to vs, neuer ſlake:
Encreaſe ſucceſſion in thy Prophets liew,
For loe, thy Harueſt's great, and Workmen few.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

But Ionah *toward Tharsis went,*
A Tempest doth his course preuent:
The Mariners are sore oppresst,
While Ionah *sleepes, and takes his rest.*

Sect. 2.

BVt *Ionah* thus bethought: The City's great, *Hist.* Chap. 1. vers. 3.
And mighty *Ashur* stands with deadly threat,
Their hearts are hardned, ỳ they cannot heare:
Will greene wood burne, when so vnapt's the seire?
Strange is the charge: Shall I goe to a place
Vnknowne, and forraine? Aye me! hard's the case,
That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected, *Prima occasio fuge.*
When Miscreants and Gentiles are respected:
How might I hope my words shall there succeed, *2. Occasio.*
Which thriue not with the flocke I daily feed?
Moreo're I weet, the Lord is wondrous kind, *3. Occasio.*
And slow to wrath, and apt to change his mind
Vpon the least repentance: Then shall I
Be deem'd as false, and shame my Propheſie.
O heauie burthen of a doubtfull mind!
Where shall I goe, or which way shall I wind?
My heart like *Ianus*, looketh to and fro:
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Goe:
If Goe; my labour's lost, my shame's at hand:
If Stay; Lord! I transgresse my Lords command:

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If goe; from bad estate, to worse, I fall:
If stay; I slide from bad, to worst of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids me stay;
My guilty feare bids fly another way.
So *Ionah* straight arose, himselfe bedight
With fit acoutrements, for hasty flight:
In stead of staffe, he tooke a Shipmans weed;
In stead of going, loe, he flies with speed.
Simile. Like as a Hawke (that ouermatcht with might,
Doing sad penance for th'vnequall fight,
(Answ'ring the Faulkners second shout) does flee
From fist; turnes tayle to Fowle, and takes a tree:
So *Ionah* baulks the place where he was sent
*Ciuitas Palest. (To Nineueh) and downe to *Iaffa went;
He sought, enquired, and at last he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharsis bound,
Where he may fly the presence of the Lord:
He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboord,
His hasty purse for bargaine finds no leisure,
(Where sin delights, ther's no account of treasure:)
Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare:
He gaue: They tooke; all parties pleased are:
(How thriftlesse of our cost, and paines, are we,
O blessed God of heauen, to fly from thee!)
Now haue the Pilots drunke their parting cup,
And some (with Sailors tune) are hoysting vp,
Others the while, the faithfull Anchor wey,
The Ship, (as loth to leaue her quiet key,)
Creepes easly off, and (with directed course)
She glides along the shore with gentle force;
And now the whistling wind begins to dally
With *Aura's* fanne: Now stronger gusts doe rally

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Forth, ruddely playing on the hollow saile,
And from the Mountaines blowes a lusty Gale:
She mounts the billowes with a lofty grace,
And now she cuts the Deepe, and scuds apace
From land; from whence (vnwilling) she was driuen,
Nothing's perceiued now but Sea, and heauen; *The Tempest.*
Betwixt them both, the blustring winds doe play,
The waues know not which Master to obey:
For now the East wind mutin's with the West,
And now the West wind counterbuffes the East,
And now the hollow *Boreas* roares amaine,
And vexed *Notus* thwarts the North againe:
Thus crossely crost, they threaten in reuenge,
To force the world from off his stedfast henge.
The Guide's perplext, and knowes not what to doe,
His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of woe:
The Welkin stormes, and rages more and more,
The Raine powr's downe, the Heauens begin to roare,
As they would split the massie earth in sunder,
From them that liue aboue, to those liue vnder:
The restlesse waues, and rolling billowes beate,
As they would shoulder *Neptune* from his seate;
The billowes seeme to mount the clouds, (or higher)
The dusky clouds did flash with often fier:
Now doth the Ship as high as heauen swell,
And now (o'rwhelm'd with waues) as low as hell;
The Barke no lesse doth yeeld to *Neptunes* sway,
Than lofty Tow'rs, when thundring Ordnance play.
The hardy Mariners begin to quaile: Vers.
They vere their maine sheet, and they strike their saile:
Their haire bolts vp, pale Death vsurps their cheekes,
Their mouthes are full of cryes, their tongues of shrieks:

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They ſound with endleſſe line, and ſound againe:
They pumpe, and ſtill they pumpe, but all in vaine:
They row, and breake their Oares: At laſt th'aſſay
Each Mariner vnto his god to pray.
They prai'd, but winds did ſnatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But ſtill they pray, but ſtill the wind, and wether
Do turne both pray'rs, & ſayles they know not whither:
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater,
They caſt their wares out, and yet ne're the better:
But all this while was *Ionah* drown'd in ſleepe,
Explicit Hiſt. And in the lower Decke was buried deepe.

Meditatio ſecunda.

Obiect. BVt ſtay: This was a ſtrange and vncouth word:
Did *Ionah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
What miſter word is that? He that repleats
The mighty Vniuerſe, whoſe lofty ſeat's
Th'imperiall Heauen, whoſe footſtoole is the face
Of maſſy Earth? Can he from any place
Be ſpar'd? or yet by any meanes excluded,
That is in all things? (and yet not included,)
Could *Ionah* find a reſting any where
So void, or ſecret, that God was not there?
I ſtand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did *Ionah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
Deus regnat in cœlis per gloriã. Mount vp to heauen aboue, and there he is,
Swaying the Scepter of his Kingly bliſſe:
In terris per gratiam. Beſtrde the earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he beares the Oliue branch of Grace:
Apud inferos per iuſtitiam. Diue downe into th'extreme Abyſſe of Hell,

And

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And there in Iustice doth th'Almighty dwell.
What vncouth Cloyster could there then affoord
A screene twix't faithlesse *Ionah*, and his Lord?
¶ *Ionah* was charg'd, to take a charge in hand; *Resolut.*
But *Ionah* turn'd his backe on Gods command;
Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was strictly charg'd, he quite reiected:
And so he fled the power of his Word;
And so he fled the presence of his Lord.
¶ Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man?
So fraile, that let him striue the best he can,
With euery little blast hee's ouerdon.
If mighty Cedars of great *Libanon*,
Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,
Lord! how shall we, that are but Bushes, stand?
How fond, corrupt, and senceless is mankind?
How fayning deafe is he? How wilfull blind?
He stops his eares, and sinnes: he shuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies:
He sinnes, despaires; and then, to stint his griefe,
He chuses death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ Poore wretched sinner, trauell where thou wilt,
Thy trauell shall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climbe tops of hils, that prospects may delight thee,
There wil thy sins (like Wolues & Beares) affright thee:
Fly to the Valleys, that those frights may shun thee,
And there like Mountaines they will fall vpon thee:
Or to the raging seas, (with *Ionah*) goe,
There will thy sinnes like stormy *Neptune* flow.
Poore shiftlesse Man! what shall become of thee?
Wher'ere thou fly'st, thy gryping sinne will fly.
¶ But all this while the Ship, where *Ionah* sleepes,

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Is vexed sore, and batter'd on the Deeps,
And well-nigh split vpon the threatning Rocke,
With many a boystrous brush, and churly knocke:
God send the comfortlesse, an happy howre,
And shield all good men from such stormy stowre.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Pilot thumps on Ionah's *brest,*
And rowzeth Ionah *from his Rest:*
They al cast Lots, (being sore affrighted:)
The sacred Lot on Ionah *lighted.*

Sect. 3.

Ist. Chap. 1. vers. 6.

The Pylot awakes Ionah.

THe haplesse Pylot finding no successe,
(But that the storme grew rather more than lesse,
For all their toylesome paynes, and needlesse pray'rs,
Dispairing both of life, and goods) repaires
To *Ionahs* drowzie Cabbin; mainly calls;
Calls *Ionah, Ionah*; and yet lowder yawles;
Yet *Ionah* sleepes; and giues a shrug, or two,
And snores, (as greedy sleepers vse to doe.)
The wofull Pylot iogs him, (but in vaine.)
(Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;)
At length he tugs and puls his heauie course,
And thunders on his brest, with all his force.
But (after many yawns) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus bespake him:

The Pylots speech to Ionah.

" Arise, O Sleeper, O, arise, and see,

Ther's

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" Ther's not a twiny thrid, 'twixt death, and thee:
" This darkſome place (thou meaſur'ſt) is thy graue,
" And ſuddaine Death rides proud on yonder waue;
" Ariſe, O Sleeper, O, ariſe and pray,
" Perchance thy God will heare, and not ſay, Nay:
" Perchance thy God's more powerfull then our's:
" Ariſe, Ariſe, and pray with all thy pow'rs,
" If ſo be, God will haue compaſſion on vs,
" And turne away this miſchiefe he hath done vs.

The ſturdy Sayler's (weary of their paine,) Verſe 7.
Finding their bootleſſe labour loſt, and vaine,
Forbare their toyleſome taske, and wrought no more,
But wiſht for Death, for which they look'd before;
They call a parley, and conſult together,
They count their ſinnes, (accuſing one another)
That for his ſinne, or his, this euill was wrought:
In fine, they all prooue guilty of the fault;
But yet the Queſtion was not ended ſo:
One ſayes, 'Twas thine offence, but he ſayes, No,
But t'was for thy ſake, that accuſes mee;
Ruſht forth a third (the worſer of the three)
And ſwore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and ſay'd, 'Twas thine for ſwearing:
In came a fift, accuſing all; (replying
But little elſe) they all chid him for lying;
One ſayd it was, another ſay'd 'twas not:
So all agreed, to ſtint the ſtrife by Lot:
Then all was whiſt, and all to prayer went;
(For ſuch a buis'nes, a fit complement)
The lot was caſt; 't pleas'd God, by Lots to tell.
The lot was caſt; The lot on *Ionah* fell. Exp. Hiſt.

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Meditatio tertia.

O Sacred Subiect of a Meditation!
Thy Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration,
Thy iudgements all are iuſt, ſeuere, and ſure,
They quite cut off, or elſe by launcing cure
The feſtring ſore of a Rebellious heart,
Leſt foule infection taynt th'immortall part.
How deepe a Lethargie doth this diſeaſe
Bring to the ſlumbring Soule through careleſſe eaſe!
Which once being wak't, (as from a Golden Dreame)
Lookes vp, and ſees her griefes the more extreme.
How ſeeming ſweet 's the quiet ſleepe of ſin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzz'ld in,
How ſoundly ſleepes he, without feare, or wit?
No ſooner, are his armes together knit
In drowzie knot, athwart vpon his breſt,
But there he ſnorts, and ſnores in endleſſe reſt;
His eyes are cloſed faſt, and deafe his eares,
And (like *Endymion*) ſleepes himſelfe in yeares;
His ſence-bound heart, ne anſweres to the voyce
Of gentle warning, no, nor does the noyſe
Of ſtrong reproofe awake his ſleeping eare,
Nor lowder threatnings thunder-makes him heare;
So deafe's the ſinners eare, ſo numb'd his ſence,
That ſinne's no corroſiue, nor no offence;
udo pec- For cuſtome breeds delight, deludes the heart,
it ſen- Beguiles the ſence, and takes away the ſmart.
¶ But ſtay; Did one of Gods elected number,
(Whoſe eyes ſhould neuer ſleepe, nor eye-lids ſlumber)

So

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So much forget himſelfe? Did *Ionah* ſleepe,
That ſhould be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?
Did *Ionah* (the ſelected mouth of God)
In ſtead of roring Iudgements, does he nod?
Did *Ionah* ſleepe ſo ſound? Could he ſleepe then,
When (with the ſuddaine ſight of Death) the men
(So many men) with yelling ſhreekes, and cries,
Made very heau'n report? and ſhooke the skies
So vncouth, that the ſhip it mought haue riu'n?
Hard muſt he winke, that ſhuts his eyes from heau'n.
O righteous *Iſr'el*, where, O, where art thou?
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous Shepheard now?
Alas! the rau'nous Wolues will worr' thy Sheepe;
Thy Shepheard's careleſſe, and is fall'n aſleepe;
Grim dogs will rowze thy Flock, and rule the roſt;
Thy Sheepe are ſcatter'd, and thy Shepheard's loſt;
Ah weladay! whoſe words beſeeme the Altar,
Their works diſcent, and firſt begin to faulter;
And they, that ſhould be Watch-lights in the Temple,
Are ſnuffes, and want the oyle of good example;
The choſen Watch-men, that the Tow'r ſhould keepe,
Are waxen heauy-ey'd, and fall'n aſleepe.
¶ Lord, if thy Watch-mē wink too much, awake them;
Although they ſlumber, doe not quite forſake them;
The fleſh is weake, ſay not (if dulneſſe ſeaze
Their heauy eyes) Sleepe henceforth: Take your eaſe: Matth. 13.41
And we poore weakelings, when we ſleepe in ſin,
Knock at our drowzie hearts; and neuer lin,
Till thou awake our ſinne-congealed eyes;
Leſt (drown'd in ſleepe) we ſinke, and neuer riſe.

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THE ARGVMENT.

They question Ionah, *whence he came,*
His Country, and his peoples Name,
He makes reply: They mone their woe,
And aske his counsell what to doe.

Sect. 4.

Histor. Cap. 1. v. 8. *Simile.*

AS when a Thiefe's appr'ended on suspect,
And charg'd for some suppos'd malifact,
A rude concurse of people, strait accrewes,
Whose itching eares euen smart, to know the (newes,
The guilty pris'ner (to himselfe betray'd)
He stands deiected, trembling and afrayd:
So *Ionah* stood the Saylers all among,
Inclosed round amid the ruder throng.
As in a Summers Euening you shall heare
In Hiue of Bees (if you lay close your eare)
Confused buzzing, and seditious noyse,
Such was the murmur of the Saylers voyce.

The Mariners speech to Ionas.

"What was thy sinfull fact, that causes this
"(Sayes one) wherein hast thou so done amisse?
"Tell vs, What is thine Art (another sayes)
"That thou profess'st? Speake man, Whence awayes,
"From what Confines cam'st thou? (A third replies)
"What is thy Country? And of what allies?
"What, art thou borne a Iew? or Gentile? Whether?
"(Ere he could lend an answere vnto either)

"A fourth

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"A fourth demands: Where hath thy breeding been?
All what they askt, they all askt o're againe.
In fine, their cares (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues, to heare what he could say.
So *Ionah* (humbly rearing vp his eyes) *Ionahs speech to the Mariners.*
Breaking his long kept silence, thus replies:
"I am an Hebrew, sonne of * *Abraham*, * *Hebræi quasi Abrahæi, S. Aug. lib. 1. super Gen.*
"From whom my Land did first deriue her name,
"Within the Land of *Iury* was I borne,
"My name is *Ionah*, retchlesse, and forlorne:
"I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,
"For from before the face of God I flee,
"From whence (through disobedience) I am driuen;
"I feare *Iehouah*, mighty God of Heauen:
"I feare the Lord of Heauen, whose glorious hand
"Did make this stormy Sea, and massy land.
So said, their cares with double rauishment, *Vers. 10.*
Still hung vpon his melting lips, attent,
Whose dreadful words, their hearts so neere impierc't,
That from themselues, themselues were quite deuers't.
Like as in a hot Summers euentide, *Simile.*
(When lustfull *Phœbus* re-salutes his Bride,
And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling:)
A heard of Deere are browzing in a spring,
With hungry appetite, misweening nought,
Nor in so deepe a silence fearing ought:
A sudden cracke, or some vnthought-of sound,
Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelpe of Hound,
Disturbes their quiet peace with strange amaze, (gaze:
Where (senceless halfe) through feare, they stand at
So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted,)
Entraunc'd with what, this man of God recited.

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Their (whilome ſturdy) limmes wox faint, and lither,
Their hearts did earne, their knees did ſmite together:
Congealed blood vſurpt their trembling hearts,
Which coldly crawld about in all their parts:
Who (trembling out ſome broken language,) thus:
The Mariners ſpeech. "Why haſt thou brought this miſchiefe vpon vs?
Interrogatio. "What humour led thee to a place vnknowne,
"To ſeeke a forrein land, and leaue thine owne?
Admiratio. "What faith hadſt thou, by leauing thine abode,
"To thinke to fly the preſence of thy God?
Reprehenſio. "Why haſt thou not obey'd (but thus tranſgreſt)
"The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgeſt?
"Art thou a Prophet, and doſt thou amiſſe?
"What is the cauſe? And why haſt thou done this?
Verſ. 11. "What ſhall we doe? The tempeſt lends no eare
"To fruitleſſe chat, nor doe the billowes heare,
"Or marke our language: waues are not attent,
"Our goods they float, and all our paines are ſpent:
"Our Bark's not weather-proofe, for aye to laſt;
"(No Fort ſo ſtrong, but daily ſiege will waſt.)
"The Lot accuſes thee, thy words condemne thee,
"The waues (thy deaths-mē) ſtriue to ouerwhelme thee:
"What ſhal we do? Thou Prophet, ſpeak, we pray thee:
"Thou fear'ſt the Lord; Alas! we may not ſlay thee:
"Or ſhall we ſaue thee? No, for thou doſt fly
"The face of God, and ſo deſeru'ſt to dye:
"Thou Prophet, ſpeake, what ſhal we doe to thee,
Expl. Hiſt. "That angry ſeas may calme, and quiet be?

Meditatio

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Meditatio quarta.

GIue leaue a little to adiourne your ſtory,
Run backe a ſtep, or twaine, and looke afore ye:
Can he be ſaid to feare the Lord, that flies him? *Obiect.*
Can Word confeſſe him, when as Deed denies him?
My ſacred Muſe hath rounded in mine eare, *Reſolutio.*
And read the myſt'ry of a twofold feare:
The firſt, a ſeruile feare, for Iudgements ſake;
And thus the damned Diuels feare and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behind a tree:
And thus did bloody *Kain* feare and flee.
Vnlike to this, there is a ſecond kind
Of feare, extracted from a zealous mind,
Full fraught with loue, and with a conſcience cleare
From baſe reſpects: It is a filiall feare;
A feare whoſe ground would iuſt remaine, and leuell,
Were neither Heauen, nor Hell, nor God, nor Diuell.
Such was the feare that Princely *Dauid* had;
And thus our wretched *Ionah* fear'd, and fled:
He fled aſham'd; becauſe his ſinnes were ſuch;
He fled aſham'd, becauſe his feare was much.
He fear'd *Iehouah*, other fear'd he none,
Him he acknowledg'd; Him he fear'd alone:
Vnlike to thoſe men, that (befoold with errour)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th'*Egyptians*, God *Apis* did implore,
God *Aſſas* the *Chaldæans* did adore:
Babel to the *Deuouring Dragon* ſeekes,
Th'*Arabians Aſtaroth*; *Iuno* the *Greekes*;
The name of *Belus*, the *Aſſyrians* hallow,
The *Troians*; *Veſta*, *Corinth*, wiſe *Apollo*;

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Th' *Arginians* sacrifice vnto the Sunne;
To Light-foot *Mercury* bowes *Macedon*;
To god *Volumus*, louers bend their knee:
To *Pauor*, those that faint, and fearfull bee:
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Murcia* those;
And to *Victoria*, they that feare to lose:
To *Muta*, they that feare a womans tongue:
To great *Lucina*, women great with young:
To *Esculapius*, they that liue oppresst:
And they to *Quies*, that desire rest.
O blinded Ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how stuft with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clog'd with needlesse gods! How obstinate!
How void of order, and how inconfuse!
How full of dangerous and foule abuse!
How sandy were thy grounds, and how vnstable!
How many Deities! yet how vnable!
Implore these gods, that list to howle and barke,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Arke:
But he to whom the seale of mercy's giuen,
Adores *Iehouah*, mighty God of Heauen:
Vpon the mention of whose sacred Name,
Meeke Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame:
Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heauen shall turne his course:
Mountaines shall dance, and *Neptune* slake his force:
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,
Vpon the mention of *Iehouah's* Name:
A Name, that makes the roofe of Heauen to shake,
The frame of Earth to quiuer, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angels blow their trumps;
A Name, puts frolicke man into his dumps:

(Though

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(Though ne're so bly[illegible] Name of high renowne,
It mounts the meeke, an[illegible]ates the lofty downe;
A Name, deuides the marr[illegible] in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard, and flinty stone,
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent
Those hearts that neuer knew what mercy ment.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy Glory plac't aboue the heau'n?
To tender mouthes of Sucklings thou hast giu'n
Coerciue pow'r, and boldnes to reprooue,
When elder men doe what them no'te behooue.
O Lord! How great's the power of thy hand?
O God! How great's thy Name in all the Land?

THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet doth his fault discouer,
Perswades the men to cast him ouer:
They rowe, and toyle, but doe no good,
They pray to be excus'd from blood.

Sect. 5.

SO *Ionah* fram'd the speech to their demand; Chap. 1. ve. 1
"Nor that I seeke to trauerse the command, Iona's *last wi*
"Of my deare Lord, and out of minde peruerse,
"T'auoyd the *Niniuites*, doe I amerce
"My selfe; Nor that I euer heard you threat,
"(Vnlesse I went to *Niniueh*, (the great)

 "And

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" And doe the message sen[illegible] to th[illegible]om the Lord)
" That you would kill, or [illegible]ne ouer boord,
" Doe I doe this; 'Tis m[illegible] reserued fine:
" You all are guiltlesse, and the fault is mine:
" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he:
" The tempest comes from heau'n, the cause from me;
" You shall not lose a haire for this my sin,
" Nor perish for the fault that mine hath bin;
" Lo, I the man am here: Lo, I am He
" The roote of all; End your reuenge on me;
" I fled from God of Heau'n; O, let me then
" (Because I fled from God) so flie from men;
" O, take me, (for I am resolu'd to die)
" As you did cast your Wares, so cast in Me;
" I am the man, for whom these billowes dance,
" My death shall purchase your deliuerance;
" Feare not to cease your feares; but throw me in;
" Alas! my soule is burthen'd with my sin,
" And God is iust, and bent to his Decree,
" Which certaine is, and cannot altred bee;
" I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King
" Of heau'n, and earth: The windes with speedy wing
" Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount vp on hie,
" And cannot rest, vntill the Traytor die;
" Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended;
" Let Death make Iustice mends, which Life offended;
" Oh, let the swelling waters me embalme:
" So shall the Waues be still, and Sea be calme.

[illegible]s. 13. So said, the Mariners grew inly sad,
(Though rude, and barbarous) and much ydrad,
As moou'd to see a Stranger (for their good)
Lay downe his life, which offer they withstood,

Till

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Till they had ſought with all their pow'r and skill,
To ſaue the man, and not the Ship to ſpill:
They digg'd, and deepely delu'd the furrow'd Seas,
With brawny armes they plough'd the watry Leas,
Hoping (in vaine) by toyle to win the ſhore,
And wrought more hard, thē erſt they wrought before.
Alas! their ſtrength now failes, and weares away,
(For bodies wanting reſt, doe ſoone decay)
The Seas are angry, and the waues ariſe,
Appeas'd with nothing, but a Sacrifice:
Gods vengeance ſtormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Ionah* (dying) can appeaſe.
"Bootleſſe it is, to thinke by any deed
"To alter that, which God of heau'n decreed:
"*Ionah* muſt die, 'tis folly to ſay, No;
"*Ionah* muſt die, or elſe we all die too;
"*Ionah* muſt die, that from his Lord did flie;
"The lot determines, *Ionah* then muſt die;
"His guilty word confirmes the ſacred lot,
"*Ionah* muſt die then, if we periſh not.
"If Iuſtice then it be, that he muſt die,
"And we ſad Actors of his Tragedie;
"(We begge not (Lord) a warrant to offend)
"O, pardon bloud-ſhed, that we muſt intend.
"Though not our hands, yet ſhall our hearts be cleare:
"Then let not ſtaineleſſe Conſciences beare
"The pond'rous burthen of a Murthers guilt,
"Or voyce of harmeleſſe bloud, that muſt be ſpilt;
"For lo, (deare Lord) it is thine owne Decree,
"And we ſad miniſters of Iuſtice bee.

Verſ 14. *The Mariners prayer.*

Expl. Hiſt.

Meditatio

Meditatio quinta.

Obiect.

BVt ſtay awhile, this thing would firſt be knowne:
Can *Ionah* giue himſelfe, and not his owne?
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertaines, ſo that a ſlender third is his;
Why then ſhould *Ionah* doe ſo great a wrong,
To deale himſelfe away, that did belong
The leaſt vnto himſelfe? or how could he
Teach this, (THOV SHALT NOT KILL) if *Ionah* be
His lifes owne Butcher? What, was this a deed
That with the Calling he profeſt, agreed?
The purblind age (whoſe workes (almoſt diuine)
Did meerely with the oyle of nature ſhine,
That knew no written Law, ne yet no God,
To whip their conſcience with a ſteely Rod,)
How much did they abhorre ſo foule a fact?
When (led by Natures glimpſe) they made an Act,
That what man e're is ſo vnnaturall
To kill himſelfe, ſhould want a buriall;
Can ſuch doe ſo, when *Ionah* does amiſſe?
What, *Ionas*, *Iſr'els* Teacher! and doe this?
The Law of charity doth all forbid,
In this thing to doe that, which *Ionah* did;
Moreo're, in charity, 'tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to thinke, and ſpeake the beſt;
The mighty *Samſon* did as much as this;
And who dare ſay, that *Samſon* did amiſſe,
If heau'nly Spirit whiſper'd in his eare
Expreſſe command to do't? then likewiſe heare,

Tanticida in ſe, inſepultus abijciatur. Seneca.

Iſaia.

Non ideo ſine ſcelere facit alter, &c. S. Aug. lib. 1. de ciuitat. Dei. cap. 26.

Iudg. 16. 30.

Spiritus latenter hoc iuſſerat. S. Aug.

Who

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Who knowes of *Ionah*, whether, yea, or no,
A ſecret Spirit will'd him to doe ſo?
¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
And Loue that's rightly grounded, neuer dyes;
It ſeemes a Paradox, beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble ſhould prolong reliefe;
That Pagans, (to withſtand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglectiue of their owne eſtate,
Truſting their liues vpon a twyny thread,
And (dauntleſſe) daunce about in dangers dread.
Where is this Loue become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endleſſe Pilgrimage
From hence, and neuer to returne (I doubt)
Till reuolution wheele thoſe times about;
Chill breſts haue ſtaru'd her here, and ſhe is driu'n
Away; and with *Aſtræa* fled to heau'n:
Charity, that naked Babe is gone,
Her hony's ſpent, and all her ſtore is done,
Her wingleſſe Bees can finde out ne'r a bloome,
And crooked * *Ate* doth vſurpe her roome;
Nepenthe's dry, and Loue can get no drinke,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flowes aboue the brinke:
Braue Mariners, the world your names ſhall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendſhip's rare, and your conuerſion ſtrange:
From Paganiſme to Zeale? A ſuddaine change!
Thoſe men doe now the God of heau'n implore,
That bow'd to Puppets, but an houre before.
Their Zeale is feruent (though but new begun)
Before their egge-ſhels were done off, they run,
As when bright *Phœbus*, in a Summer tide,
(New riſen from the pillow of his Bride)

Cum Deus iubet ſe iubere ſine vllis ambagibus intimat, quis inobedientiam in crimen vocat? S. Aug.

Caritas eſt infans ſine pannis, dans mel api ſine pennis.
* *Dea Litis.*

Simile.

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Enueloped with misty fogges, at length
Breaks forth, displayes the mist, with Southern strēgth;
Euen so these Mariners (of Peerelesse mirrour)
Their faith b'ing vayl'd within the mist of errour,
At length their Zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Paganisme, and 'gan to pray.
¶ Lord, how vnlimmited are thy Confines,
That still pursu'st man in his good designes!
Thy mercy's like the dew of *Herman* hill,
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward still
From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard, to foot:
So doe thy mercies drench vs round about:
Thy loue is boundlesse; Thou art apt, and free,
To turne to Man, when Man returnes to thee.

THE ARGVMENT.

They cast the Prophet ouer boord:
The storme alay'd, They feare the Lord;
A mighty Fish him straight deuoures,
Where he remayned many howres.

Sect. 6.

Hist. Chap. 1. ve. 15. Simile.

EVen as a member, whose corrupted fore
Infests, and rankl's, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies losse (if not preuented)
The Surgion (after all faire meanes attempted)
Cuts off, and with aduised skill doth choose,
To lose a part, then all the body lose;

Euen

Euen so the Mariners perceiuing all
Their labour spent, and the effect but small,
And of necessity that all must dye,
If *Ionah* leaue not their society,
They tooke vp *Ionas*, and with one accord,
And common ayde, threw *Ionas* ouer boord;
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip't his somy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace vpon the South;
The windes were whist, the billowes daunc't no more,
The storme allay'd, the heau'ns left off to rore,
The waues (obedient to their beheast)
Gaue ready passage, and their rage surceast:
The skie grew cleare, and now the glorious light
Begins to put the gloomy clouds to flight:
Thus all on suddaine was the Sea tranquill,
The heau'ns were quiet, and the Waues were still.
As when a friendly Creditour (to get *Simile.*
A long forborne, and much-concerning debt)
Still plyes his willing debter with entreates,
Importunes dayly, dayly thumps, and beates
The batter'd Portalls of his tyred eares,
Bedeafing him with what he knowes, and heares;
The weary debter, to auoyd the sight
He loathes, shifts here, and there, and eu'ry night
Seekes out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'retheleſſe (pursu'd and followed)
His eares are still layd at with lowder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholly,
Sits downe, and sighes, and after long fore-flowing,
(T'auoyd his presence) payes him what is owing;
The thankfull Creditour is now appeas'd,
Takes leaue, and goes away content, and pleas'd.

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Euen ſo theſe angry waues, with reſtleſſe rage,
Accoſted *Ionas* in his pilgrimage,
And thundred Iudgement in his fearfull eare,
Preſenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare:
The Waues roſe diſcontent, the Surges beat,
And euery moments death, the billowes threat;
The wether-beaten Ship did euery minnit
Await deſtruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deepe, (a debt through treſpaſſe due)
The Sea grew kind, and all her frownes abated,
Her face was ſmooth to all that nauigated.
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* made her ſtorme and rage,
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* did her ſtorme aſſwage.
Verſ. 16. With that the Mariners aſtoniſh't were,
And feard *Iehouah* with a mighty feare,
Offring vp Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing ſolemne vowes vnto the Lord.
Verſ. 17. But God (whoſe breath can make the heauens ſhake,
And in an inſtant, all that force can ſlake,
Whoſe pow'rfull word can make the earths foundatiõ
Tremble, and with his word can make ceſſation,
Whoſe wrath doth mount the waues, & toſſe the Seas,
And make them calme, and whiſt when e're he pleaſe:
This God, (whoſe mercy runs on endleſſe wheele,
And pulls (like *Iacob*) Iuſtice by the heele)
Prepar'd a Fiſh, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whoſe belly ſhould be priſon-houſe, and baile
For retchleſſe *Ionah*. As a Garner dore
Opens his double leafe, to take the ſtore,
Wherewith the harueſt quits the Ploughmans hope,
Euen ſo the great *Leuiathan* ſet ope

His

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His beame-like Iawes,(as glad of ſuch a boone)
And at a morſell,ſwallow'd *Ionah* downe.
Till Roſy-cheek't-*Aurora's* purple dye
Thrice dappl'd had the ruddy morning skye,
And thrice had ſpred the Curtaines of the morne,
To let in *Titan*, when the Day was borne,
Ionah was Tenant to this liuing Graue,
Embowel'd deepe in this ſtupendious Caue.

Explicit Hiſt.

Meditatio ſexta.

LO, Death is now,as alwayes it hath bin,
The iuſt procured ſtipend of our ſinne:
Sinne is a golden Cauſie,and a Road
That's leuell,pleaſant,that is euen,and broad,
But leads at length to death,and endleſſe griefe,
To torments and to paines,without reliefe.
Iuſtice feares none,but maketh all afraid,
And then falls hardeſt,when 'tis moſt delaid.
But thou reply'ſt, Thy ſinnes are daily great,
Yet thou ſitt'ſt vncontrold vpon thy ſeat:
Thy wheat doth flouriſh,and thy barnes doe thriue,
Thy ſheepe encreaſe,thy ſonnes are all aliue,
And thou art buxom, and haſt nothing ſcant,
Finding no want of any thing,but want,
Whil'ſt others,whō the ſquint-e'yd world counts holy,
Sit ſadly d[illegible]ing in a melancholy,
With brow deiected, and downe-hanging head,
Or take of almes,or poorly beg their bread:
But Young man, know,there is a Day of doome,
The feaſt is good,vntill the reck'ning come.

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The time runnes fasteſt, where is leaſt regard;
The ſtone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a Day, a dying Day (thou foole)
When all thy laughter ſhall be turn'd to Doole,
Thy roabes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting,
Thy whoops of Ioy, to howles of ſad lamenting:
Thy tongue ſhall yell, and yawle, and neuer ſtop,
And wiſh a world, to giue for one poore drop,
To flatter thine intolerable paine;
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtaine
A minutes freedome from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fire burnes, and neuer goeth out;
Nor houſe, nor land, nor meaſur'd heapes of wealth,
Can render to a dying man his health:
Our life on earth is like a thrid of flax,
That all may touch, and being toucht, it cracks.
Simile. ¶ As when an Archer ſhooteth for his ſport,
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometime 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th' left hand wide, ſometimes o'th' right,
At laſt (through often triall) hits the White;
So Death ſometimes with her vncertaine Rouer,
Hits our Superiours (and ſo ſhootes ouer)
Sometimes for change, ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our inferiours (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes vpon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes;
And ſometimes wide vpon the right hand wends,
There with impartiall ſhafts, ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length, (through often triall) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes vs into Eternall night.
¶ Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men, neuer out of Date:

Her

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Her dayes Dominicallare writ in blood;
She ſhewes more bad dayes, then ſhe ſheweth good;
She tells when dayes, and months, and termes expire,
And ſhewes thee ſtrange aſpects of fearefull fire.
¶ Death is a Purſiuant, with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poore mens dores, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware; for, lo, Death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaues thee, ſo will Iudgement finde thee.

The Argvment.

Within the bowels of the Fiſh,
Ionah *laments in great anguiſh;*
God heard his pray'r, at whoſe comand,
The Fiſh diſgorg'd him on the Land.

Sect. 7.

THen *Ionah* turn'd his face to heau'n, and pray'd
VVithin the bowels of the VVhale, and ſayd,
"I cry'd out of my baleſull miſery
"Vnto the Lord, and he hath heard my cry,
"From out the paunch of hell I made a noyſe,
"And thou haſt anſwer'd me, and heard my voyce:
"Into the Deepes and bottome thou haſt throwne me,
"Thy Surges, and thy VVaues haue paſt vpon me.
"Then Lord (ſaid I) from out thy glorious ſight
"I am reiected, and forſaken quite,
"Nath'leſſe while theſe my wretched eyes remaine,
"Vnto thy Temple will I looke againe.

Hiſt. Chap. 2. ver. 1.
Verſe 2. *The prayer of* Ionas *out of the Whales belly.*
Verſ. 3.
Verſ. 4.

"The

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Verſ. 5. "The boyſt'rous waters compaſſe me about,
"My body threats, to let her pris'ner out,
"The boundleſſe depth enclos'd me, (almoſt dead)
"The weedes were wrapt about my fainting head,
Verſ. 6. "I liu'd on earth reiected at thine hand,
"And a perpetuall pris'ner in the Land;
"Yet thou wilt cauſe my life t'aſcend at length,
"From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength;
Verſ. 7. "When as my ſoule was ouer-whelm'd, and faint,
"I had recourſe to thee, did thee acquaint
"With the condition of my wofull caſe,
"My cry came to thee, in thine holy Place.
Verſ. 8. "Whoſo to Vanities themſelues betake,
"Renounce thy mercies, and thy loue forſake.
Verſ. 9. "To thee I'le ſacrifice in endleſſe dayes,
"With voyce of thanks, and euer-ſounding praiſe,
"I'le pay my vowes; for all the world records
"With one conſent, *Saluation is the Lords.*
Verſ. 10. So God (whoſe Word's a deed, whoſe Breath's a law,
Whoſe iuſt command implies a dreadfull awe,
Whoſe Word prepar'd a Whale vpon the Deepe,
To tend, and waite for *Iona's* fall, and keepe
His out-caſt body ſafe, and ſoule ſecure)
This very God, (whoſe mercy muſt endure
When heau'n, and earth, and ſea, and all things faile)
Diſclos'd his purpoſe, and beſpake the Whale,
To redeliuer *Ionah* to his hand;
Explicit Hiſt. Whereat the Whale diſgorg'd him on the Land.

Meditatio

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Meditatio ſeptima.

I Well record, a holy Father ſayes,
" He teaches to denie, that faintly prayes:
The ſuit ſurceaſes, when deſire failes,
But whoſo prayes with feruencie, preuailes;
For Pray'rs the key that opens heauen gate,
And findes admittance, whether earl' or late,
It forces audience, it vnlocks the eare
Of heau'nly God, (though deafe) it makes him heare.
Vpon a time * *Babel* (the Worlds faire Queene,
Made drunke with choller, and enrag'd with Spleene)
Through fell Diſdaine, derraigned Warre 'gainſt them
That tender Homage to *Ieruſalem*:
A Mayden fight it was, yet they were ſtrong
As men of Warre; The Battaile laſted long,
Much bloud was ſhed, and ſpilt on either ſide,
That all the ground with purple gore was dyde:
In fine, a Souldier of *Ieruſalem*,
* *Chariſſa* hight, (the Almner of the Realme)
Chill'd with a Feuer, and vnapt to fight,
Into *Iuſtitia's* Caſtle tooke her flight,
Whereat great *Babels* Queene commanded all,
To lay their ſiege againſt the Caſtle wall;
But poore * *Tymiſſa* (not with warre acquainted)
Fearing *Chariſſa's* death, fell downe, and fainted;
Dauntleſſe * *Prudentia* reard her from the ground,
Where ſhe lay (pale, and ſenſleſſe) in a ſwound,
She rubb'd her temples (loſt in ſwoony ſhade)
And gaue her waters, that * *Fidiſſa* made,

Qui timidè orat docet negare.

Luke 11. 9.

* *The Commonwealth.*

* *The Church.*

* *Charity.*

* *Feare.*

* *Wiſedome.*

* *Faith.*

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And ſaid, Cheare vp, (deare Siſter) though our foe
Hath ta'ne vs Captiues, and inthrall'd vs ſo,
We haue a King puiſſant, and of might,
Will ſee vs take no wrong, and doe vs right,
If we poſſeſſe him with our ſad complaint,
Cheare vp, wee'l ſend to him, and him acquaint.
Timiſſa (new awak'd from ſwound) replies,
Our Caſtle is begirt with enemies,
And clouds of armed men beſiege our walls,
Then ſuer Death, or worſe then Death befalls
To her, (who ere ſhe be) that ſtirres a foote,
Or dares attempt, this place to ſally out:
Alas! what hope haue we to finde reliefe,
And want the meanes that may diuulge our griefe?
With in that place, a iolly Matron won'd,
With firie lookes, and drawen-ſword in hond,
Her eyes, with age, were waxen wond'rous dim,
With hoary locks, and viſage ſterne, and grim;
Her name * *Iuſtitia* hight; to her they make
Their moane, who (well aduis'd) them thus beſpake:
"Faire Maydens, well I wot; y'are ill bedight,
And rue the ſuffrance of your wofull plight,
But Pitty's fond alone, and rankles griefe,
And fruitleſſe falls, vnleſſe it yeeld reliefe:
Cheare vp, I haue a Meſſenger in ſtore;
Whoſe ſpeed is much, but faithfull truſt is more,
Whoſe nimble wings ſhall cleaue the flitting skies,
And ſcorne the terrour of your enemies,
* *Oratio* hight, well knowne vnto your King,
Your meſſage ſhe ſhall doe, and tydings bring,
Prouided that * *Fidiſſa* tr[illegible] haile with her,
And ſo (* on Chriſts name) let them goe together.

* Iuſtice.
* Prayer.
* Math. 21. 21.
* Iohn 15. 16.

With

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With that, *Fidiſſa* hauing ta'ne her errant,
And good *Oratio*, with *Iuſtitia's* Warrant,
In ſilence of the midnight, tooke their flight,
Arriuing at the Court that very night;
But they were both as any fier hot,
For they did flie as ſwift, as Cannon ſhot,
But they (leſt ſuddaine cold ſhould doe them harme)
Together clung, and kept each other warme:
But lo, the Kingly gates were ſparr'd, and lockt,
They call'd, but none made anſwere, then they knockt,
Together ioyning both their force in one,
They knockt amaine; Yet anſwere there was none;
But they that neuer learn'd to take deniall,
With importunity made further triall:
The King heard well, although he liſt not ſpeake,
Till they with ſtrokes the gate did wel-nie breake.
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide;
Oratio moou'd her ſuit: The King replide,
Oratio was a faire, and welcome gheſt;
So heard her ſuit; ſo graunted her requeſt.
Fraile Man, obſerue, In thee the practice lies,
Let ſacred Meditation moralize.
Let Pray'r be feruent, and thy Faith intire,
And God will graunt thee more then thy deſire.

Oratio feruens, velox.

Oratio & fides comites individui.

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THE ARGVMENT.

The second time was Ionah *sent*
To Niniuy: *so* Ionah *went:*
Against her crying sinnes he cri'd,
And her destruction prophecy'd.

Sect. 8.

Hist. Chap. 3. ver. 1.

ONce more the voyce of heau'ns-high-Cõmander
(Like horrid claps of heau'ns-diuiding-thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noyse
B'ing heard farre distant off) such was the voyce)
Came downe from heau'n, to *Ionah* new-borne-Man,
To re-baptized *Ionah*, and thus began;
Am I a God? Or art thou ought but Dust?
More then a man? Or are my Lawes vniust?
Am I a God, and shall I not command?
Art thou a man, and dar'st my Lawes withstand?
Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make
Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heauen quake)
By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,
And thy presumption scape vncorrected?
Thy Faith hath sau'd thee (Ionah:) *Sinne no more,*
Least worse things happen after, then before;
Verse. God's second charge to Ionah.
Arise; let all th'assembled pow'rs agree
To doe the message I impose on thee;
Trifle no more, and, to auoyd my sight,
Thinke not to baulke me with a second flight.

Arise

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Arise, and goe to Niniuy *(the great)*
Where broods of Gentiles haue ta'ne vp their seat,
The Great-Queene-regent-mother of the Land,
That multiplies in people like the sand;
Away, with wings of time, (I'le not essoine thee)
Denounce these fiery Iudgements, I enioyne thee.

Like as a yongling that to schoole is set, Simile. vers. 3.
(Scarce weaned from his dandling mothers tet,
Where he was cockerd with a stroking hand)
With stubborne heart, denyes the Iust command
His Tutor will's: But being once corrected,
His home-bred stomack's curb'd, or quite ejected,
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollified,
And humbly seeks, what stoutly he deny'd;
So *Iona's* stout, peruerse, and stubborne hart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the smart
Of Gods auenging wrath, it strait dissolu'd,
And what it once auoyded, now resolu'd
T'effect with speed, and with a carefull hand
Fully repleniſh'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniueh* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each step the other striues to ouergoe;
And as an arrow to the mark does fly,
So (bent to flight) flyes he to *Niniuy*.
(Now *Niniuy* a mighty Citty was,
And all the Cities of the world did passe,
A Citty which o're all the rest aspires,
Like midnight-*Phœbé* 'mong the lesser fyers,
A Citty which (although to men was giuen)
Better beseem'd the mighty King of Heauen,
A Citty Great to God, whose ample wall,
Who vndertakes to mete with paces, shall

Bring

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Bring *Phœbus* thrice a-bed, e're it be dun,
(Although with dawning *Lucifer* begun.)
Verſ. 4. When *Ionas* had approacht the City gate,
He made no ſtay to reſt, ne yet to baite,
Nor yet with oyle, his fainting head he 'noynts,
Nor ſtayes to bathe his weather-beaten ioynts,
Nor ſmooth'd his countenance, nor ſlick't his skinne,
Ne craued he the Hoſtage of an Inne,
To eaſe his aking bones (with trauell ſore)
But went as ſpeedy, as he fled before,
The Cities greatnes made him not refuſe,
To be the trump of that vnwelcome newes
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noyſe)
His mouth flew ope, and out there ruſht a voyce.

Iona's prophecy to the Niniuites.

When dewy-cheek't Aurora *ſhall diſplay*
Her golden locks, and ſummon vp the Day
Twice twentie times, and reſt her drowzy head
Twice twentie more, in aged Tithons *bed,*
Then Niniueh *this place of high renowne,*
Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batterd downe.

He ſate not down to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent, or Saluage, nor did he enquier
What place were moſt conuenient for a Cryer,
Nor like a ſweet-lipt Orator did ſteare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
But bold, and rough (yet full of maieſty)
Lift vp his trumpet, and began to Cry,

When forty times Dan Phœbus ſhall fulfill
His Iournall courſe vpon th' Olympian Hill,
Then Niniueh (*the Worlds great wonder*) *ſhall*
Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.

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The dreadfull Prophet ſtands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pitty
Th'approching downfall of ſo braue a City:
But freely lifts his diſmall voyce on high,
Not caring who excepts againſt the Cry,
When fortie Dayes ſhall be expir'd, and run,
And that poore Inch of time drawne out and dun,
Then Niniueh (the Worlds Imperiall throne)
Shall not be left a ſtone, vpon a ſtone.

Explicit Hiſt.

Meditatio octaua.

BVt ſtay; Is God like one of vs? Can hee,
When he hath ſaid it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, diſpence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his ſacred Iuſtice? Can his minde
Reuolt at all? or vary like the winde?
How comes it then to paſſe? How mought it bee,
That hauing limited his iuſt Decree
Vpon the expiring date of fortie dayes,
He then performes it not? But ſtill delayes
His plagues denounc't, and Iudgement ſtill forbeares,
And ſtead of fortie Dayes giues many yeares?
Yet fortie Dayes, and *Niniueh* ſhall periſh?
Yet fortie yeeres, and *Niniueh* doth flouriſh:
A change in man's infirme; in God 'tis ſtrange;
In God, to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are diuers things: When God repents from ill,
He wills a change; he changes not his Will;

Obiect.

Reſolut. Aliud mutare voluntatem; aliud velle mutationem. Aquin. 1. quæſt. 19 art. 7.

The

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The ſubiect's chang'd, which ſecret he kept cloſe,
But not the mind, that ſo did it diſpoſe;
Mutat ſententiam, ſed non mutat conſilium, lib. 20. mor. c. 29
Denounced Iudgement God doth oft preuent,
But neither changes counſell, nor intent:
Moreo're He ſeldome threatens a perdition,
But with expreſſe, or an impli'd condition:
So that, if *Niniuey* do turne from ill,
God turns his hand, he doth not turne his Will.
¶ The ſtint of *Niniuey* was forty dayes,
To cry for grace, and turne from euill wayes;
To ſome the time is large; To others ſmall,
To ſome 'tis many yeeres; And not at all
To others; Some an hower haue, and ſome
Haue ſcarce a minute of their time to come:
Tempus vitæ, tempus pœnitentiæ.
Thy ſpan of life (*Malfido*) is thy ſpace,
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.
¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawl's,
Open to danger, euery foot that falls?
Death creeps (vnheard) and ſteales abroad (vnſeene)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrowes keene,
Vncertaine when, but certaine ſhe will ſtrike,
Reſpecting King, and begger both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it earl', or late,
And once being ſtruck, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
"Then liue to day, as thou maiſt dye to morrow.

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The Argvment.

The Niniuites beleeue the Word;
Their hearts returne vnto the Lord;
In him they put their only truſt:
They mourne in Sackcloth, and in duſt.

Sect. 9.

SO ſaid; the *Niniuites* beleeu'd the Word, *Hiſt. Chap.* 3. *ver.* 5.
Beleeued *Ionas*, and beleeu'd the Lord;
They made no pauſe, nor ieſted at the newes,
Nor ſlighted it, becauſe it was a Iew's
Denouncement: No, Nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captiues with ſuch nouelties)
Admire the ſtrangers garb, ſo quaint to theirs,
No idle chat poſſeſt their itching eares,
The whil'ſt he ſpake: nor were their tongues on fier,
To raile vpon, or interrupt the Cryer,
Nor did they queſtion whether true the meſſage,
Or falſe the Prophet were, that brought th'embaſſage:
But they gaue faith to what he ſaid; relented,
And (changing their miſ-wandred wayes) repented;
Before the ſearching Ayre could coole his word,
Their hearts returned, and beleeu'd the Lord;
And they, whoſe dainty palats cloy'd whileare
With cates, and vyands were, and luſcious cheare,
Doe now enioyne their lips, not once to taſt
The offall bread, (for they proclaim'd a Faſt)

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And they, whose wanton bodies once did lye
Wrapt vp in Robes, and Silkes, of princely Dye,
Lo now, in stead of Robes, in Rags they mourne,
And all their Silkes doe into Sackcloth turne.
They reade themselues sad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there;
The old man was not freed, (whose hoary age
Had eu'n almost outworne his Pilgrimage;)
Nor yet the young, whose Glasse (but new begun)
By course of nature had an age to run:
Vers. 6. For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Conuay'd with speed vpon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) He strait dismounts his Throne,
Forsakes his Chaire of State he sate vpon,
Disrob'd his body, and his head discrown'd,
In dust and ashes grou'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling corpes againe,
(His haire all filthy with the dust he lay in)
He clad in pensiue Sackcloth, did depose
Himselfe from state Imperiall, and chose
To liue a Vassall, or a baser thing,
Then to vsurpe the Scepter of a King:
His golden cup of Honour and Authority,
Made him not drunke, and so forget mortality,
(Respectlesse of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a King, so mindlesse of his State,
That he forgate to rule, or be obey'd;
Explicit Hist. Nor did he weild the Sword, nor Scepter sway'd.

Meditate

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Meditatio nona.

¶ IS fasting then the thing that God requires?
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires
That Sinne hath blowne to such a mighty flame?
Can sackcloth clothe a fault? or hide a shame?
Can ashes clense thy blot? or purge thy offence?
Or doe thy hands make God a recompence,
By strowing dust vpon thy bryny face?
Are these the tricks to purchase heau'nly grace?
No, though thou pine thy selfe with willing want;
Or face looke thinne, or Carkas ne'r so gaunt,
Although thou worser weeds then sackcloth weare,
Or naked goe, or sleep in shirts of haire,
Or though thou chuse an ash-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,
Thy labour is not poys'd with equall Gaines,
For thou hast nought but labour for thy paines:
Such idle madnesse God reiects, and loaths,
That sinkes no deeper, than the skinne, or cloaths;
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weep by art)
Looke red with teares, (not guilty of thy hart)
'Tis not the holding of thy hands so hye,
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your Mimmick mouthes, nor Antick faces,
Nor Scripture phrases, nor affected Graces,
Nor prodigall vp-banding of thine eyes,
Whose gashfull balls doe seeme to pelt the skyes;
'Tis not the strict reforming of your haire
So close, that all the neighbour skull is bare;

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'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy sullen brow,
Nor howling, wherewithall you fill the ayre,
Nor repetitions of your tedious pray'r:
No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards;
Matth. 6. Such sort of fooles their owne applause rewards;
Such Puppit-playes, to heau'n are strange, and quaint,
Their seruice is vnsweet, and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitlesse from their idle braine;
But true Repentance runnes in other straine;
Where sad contrition harbours, there thy hart
Is first acquainted with an inly smart,
And restlesse grones within thy mournfull brest,
Where sorrow finds her selfe a welcome ghest;
It throbs, it sighes, it mournes in decent wise,
Dissolu's, and fills the Cisternes of thine eyes;
It frights thy pensiue soule, with strange aspects
Of crying sinnes committed; It detects
Thy wounded conscience; It cryes amaine,
For mercy, mercy, cryes, and cryes againe;
It vowes, it sadly grieues, and sore laments,
It yernes for grace, Reformes, Returnes, Repents;
I; this is Incense, whose accepted sauour
Mounts vp the heauenly Throne, and findeth fauour:
I; this is it, whose valour neuer failes,
With God it stoutly wrestles, and preuailes:
I; this is it, that pierces heauen aboue,
Neuer returning home (like *Noah's* Doue)
But brings an Oliffe leafe, or some encrease,
That works Saluation, and eternall Peace.

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Prince and people fasts, and prayes;
God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes:
Vpon their timely true repentance,
God reuerst, and chang'd his sentence.

Sect. 10.

THen suddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd, *Hist. Chap. 3. 7.*
He cauſ'd a Generall act, to be proclam'd,
By good aduice, and counſell of his Peeres;
Let neither Man, nor child, of youth, or yeeres, *The Proclamation of the Niniuites.*
From greateſt in the City, to the leaſt,
Nor Heard, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beaſt,
Nor any thing that draweth ayre, or breath,
On forfeiture of life, or preſent death,
Preſume to taſte of nouriſhment, or food,
Or moue their hungry lips, to chew the cud;
From out their eyes let Springs of water burſt,
With teares (or nothing) let them ſlake their thurſt:
Moreo're, let euery man (what e're he be) *Verſ. 8.*
Of high preferment, or of low degree,
D'off all they weare (excepting but the ſame
That nature craues, and that which couers ſhame)
Their nakednesſe with ſackcloth let them hide,
And mue the veſtments of their ſilken pride;
And let the braue carriering Horſe of warre,
(Whoſe rich Caparisons, and Trappings are

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Of ſumptuous beautie, and of glorious ſhow)
Let him diſrobe, and put on ſackcloth too;
The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Aſſe (for load)
The Horſe (as well for race, as for the road)
The burthen-bearing Cammell (ſtrong and great).
The fruitfull Kine, and eu'ry kind of Neate,
Let all put ſackcloth on, and ſpare no voyce,
But crie amaine to heau'n, with mightie noyſe;
Let all men turne the Byas of their wayes,
And change their fiercer hands, to force of praiſe:
Verſ. 9. *For who can tell, if God (whoſe angrie face*
Hath long bin wayning from vs) will embrace
This ſlender pittance of our beſt endeuour?
Who knowes, if God will his intent perſeuer?
Or who can tell, if He (whoſe tender loue,
And mercy' extends his Iudgements farre aboue).
Will change his high Decree, and turne his ſentence
Vpon a timely, and vnfain'd Repentance?
And who can tell, if God will change the lot,
That we, and ours may liue, and periſh not?

Verſ. 10. So God perceiu'd their works, and ſaw their wayes,
Approu'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
Approu'd their works, approu'd their works the rather,
Becauſe their faith, and works went both together;
He ſaw their faith, becauſe their faith abounded,
He ſaw their works, becauſe on faith they grounded,
H'approu'd their faith, becauſe their faith was true,
H'approu'd their works, becauſe on faith they grew;
He ſaw their faith, and works, and ſo relented,
H'approu'd their faith, and works, and ſo repented;
Repented of the plagues, they apprehended;
Repented of the Euill, that he intended:

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So God the vengeance of his hand with-drew,
He tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
The Euill, that once he meant, he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not. *Explicit Hist.*

Meditatio decima.

¶LO, into what an ebbe of low estate
The Soule, that seekes to be regenerate,
Must first decline; Before the Ball rebound,
It must be throwne with force against the ground;
The Seed cannot encrease in fruitfull eares,
Nor can she reare the goodly stalke she beares,
Vnlesse bestrow'd vpon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious, by a second birth:
So fares with Man; Before he can bring forth
The braue exploits of truly noble Worth,
Or hope the granting of his sinnes remission,
He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition;
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Sunnes reflect,
Or lack the dew of seasonable showres,
Decayes, and beareth neither Fruit, or Flowres;
So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sunne-shine of a liuely Faith,
Or not bedew'd with show'rs of timely teares,
Or works of mercy (wherein Faith appeares)
His pray'rs, and deeds, and all his forged grones,
Are like the howles of Dogs, and works of Drones:
The skilfull Surgeon, first (by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient, ere he does him good;

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Before the Soule can a true comfort finde,
The Body must be prostrate, and the Minde
Truly repentiue, and contrite within,
And loath the fawning of a bosome Sin.
But Lord! Can MAN deserue? Or can his Best
Doe Iustice equall right, which he transgrest?
When Dust and Ashes mortally offends,
Can Dust and Ashes make Eternall mends?
Is Heau'n vniust? Must not the Recompence
Be full Equiualent to the Offence?
What mends by mortall Man can then be giu'n
To the offended Maiestie of heau'n?
O Mercie! Mercie! on thee my Soule relyes,
On thee we build our Faith, we bend our eyes;
Thou fill'st my empty straine, thou fil'st my tongue;
Thou art the subiect of my Swan-like song;
Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying Tree,
Our lingring hopes attend, and wayte on thee;
(Arraign'd at Iustice barre) preuent our doome;
To thee with ioyfull hearts we cheerely come;
Thou art our Clergie; Thou that deerest Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes desire to looke;
In thee, we trust to reade (what will release vs)
In bloudy Caracters, that name of IESVS.
¶ What shall we then returne to God of Heau'n?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be giu'n;
Our soules, our bodies, strength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours:
Or shall we burne (vntill our life expires)
An endlesse Sacrifice in Holy fires?
¶ My Sacrifice shall be my HEART entire,
My Christ the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE

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THE ARGVMENT.

The Prophet discontented prayes
To God, that he would end his dayes;
God blames his wrath so vnrepress,
Reproues his vnaduis'd Request.

Sect. II.

BVt this displeasing was in *Iona's* eyes, *Hist. Chap. 4. 2.*
His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,
His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,
His veines did boyle, his heart was full of yre;
At last brake foorth into a strange request,
These words he pray'd, and mumbl'd out the rest:
Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord) *Vers. 2. Ionas speech to God.*
Before I fled? Nay, was not this my Word,
The very Word, that these my lips had shaped,
When this mis-hap mought well haue bin escaped?
Was there, O was there not a iust suspect,
My preaching would procuer this effect?
For loe; I knew of old, thy tender loue;
I knew the pow'r, thou gau'st my Tongue, would moue
Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw
Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting awe;
I knew moreo're, vpon their true repentance,
That thou determin'dst to reuerse thy sentence;
For lo, I knew, thou wert a Gracious God,
Of long forbearance, slow to vse the Rod:

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I knew the power of thy Mercies bent,
The ſtrength of all thy other works out-went;
I knew thy tender kindnes; and how loth
Thou wert to puniſh, and how ſlow to wrath;
Turning thy Iudgements, and thy plagues preuenting,
Thy mind reuerſing, and of Euill repenting:
Therefore (O therefore) through this perſwaſion,
I fled to Tarſiſh, *there to make euaſion;*
To ſaue thy credit (Lord) *to ſaue mine owne:*
For when this blaſt of zeale is ouer-blowne,
And ſackloth left, and they left off to mourne,
When they (like dogs) ſhall to their vomit turne,
They'l vilipend thy ſacred Word, and ſcoffe it,
Saying, Was that a God, or this a Prophet?
They'l ſcorne thy Iudgements, & thy threats deſpiſe,
And call thy Prophets, Meſſengers of lyes.

Verſ. 3. *Now therefore (Lord) bow downe attentiue eare,*
(For lo, my burthen's more then I can beare)
Make ſpeed (O Lord) and baniſh all delayes,
T'extinguiſh (now) the tapour of my dayes:
Let not the minutes of my time extend,
But let my wretched howers find an end;
Let not my fainting ſprite thus long aby
In her fraile manſion of mortality:
The thrid's but weake, my life depends vpon,
O cut that thrid, and let my life be done;
My breſt ſtands faire, O ſtrike, and ſtrike againe,
For nought, but dying, can aſſwage my paine:
For liefer 'tis to dye, then liue in ſhame,
For better 'tis to leaue, and yeeld the game,
Then toyle for what at length muſt needs be loſt;
O kill me, for my heart is ſore imboſt;

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This latter boone vnto thy seruant giue,
For better 'tis for me, to dye then liue.
So wretched *Ionah*; But *Iehova* thus;
What boot's it so to storme out-ragious? Vers. 4.
Does it become my seruants heart to swell?
Can anger helpe thee, Ionah? *Doest thou well?* *Explicit Hist.*

Meditatio vndecima.

¶ How poore a thing is man! How vain's his mind!
How strange, & base! And wau'ring like ỹ wind!
How vncouth are his wayes! How full of danger!
How to himselfe, is he himselfe a stranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vaine,
His actions sinfull, and his words prophane,
His will's deprau'd, his senses all beguil'd,
His reason's darke, His members all defil'd,
His hastie feet are swift, and prone to ill,
His guilty hands are euer bent to kill,
His tongue's a spunge of venome, (or of worse)
Her practice is to sweare, her skill to curse;
His eyes, are fierballs of lustfull fire,
And outward spyes, to inward foule desire,
His body is a well erected station,
But full of filth, and foule corrupted passion,
Fond loue; and raging lust, and foolish feares,
Excessiue ioy, and griefe o'rwhelm'd with teares
Immoderate; and couetous Desier,
And sinfull anger, red, and hot as fier;
These daily clog the soule, that's fast in prison,
From whose encrease, this luckless brood is risen,

Virgil. Æneid. 8. *Hinc metuunt, cupiunt, dolent, gaudentq;, nec auras Respiciunt, clausæ tenebris, & carcere cæco.*

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Reſpectleſſe Pride, and luſtfull Idlenes,
Foule ribbauld talke, and lothſome Drunkennes,
Fruitleſſe Deſpayre, and needleſſe Curioſitie,
Odious Ingratitude, Double Hypocriſie,
Baſe Flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition,
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and ſquint-ey'd Suſpition,
Self-eating Enuie, Enuious Detraction,
Hopeleſſe Diſtruſt, and too-too ſad Deiection,
Reuengefull Malice, Helliſh Blaſphemie,
Idolatry, and light Inconſtancie;
Daring Preſumption, wry-mouth'd Deriſion,
Fearefull Apoſtacie, vaine Superſtition.
¶ What heedfull watch? And what contin'all ward?
How great reſpect? and howerly regard,
Stands man in hand to haue, when ſuch a brood
Of furious hell-hounds ſeeke to ſuck his blood?
Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wraſtle,
And neuer ceaſe, till they ſubdue the Caſtle.
¶ How ſleight a thing is man? How fraile and brittle?
How ſeeming great is he? How truly little?
Within the boſome of his holieſt works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks;
Which oftentimes in men of righteous wayes,
Burſt out in flame, and for a ſeaſon blaze.
¶ Lord teach our hearts, & giue our ſoules directions,
Subdue our Paſſions, Curb our ſtout Affections;
Nip thou the bud, before the Bloome begins;
Lord, keep all good men from preſumptuous ſins.

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THE ARGVMENT.

A Booth for shelter Ionah *made;*
God sent a Gourd for better shade;
But by the next approching light,
God sent a Worme consum'd it quite.

Sect. 12.

SO *Ionah* (sore oppresst, and heauy-hearted) *Hist.* Chap 4 vers. 5.
From out the Cities circuit straight departed,
Departed to the Easterne borders of it,
Where sick with anguish sate this sullen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,
(Vntill some few daies had expir'd their date
With ouer-tedious pace) where he might see,
What would betide to threatned *Niniuie*;
A trunk that wanteth sap, is soone decay'd;
The slender Booth of boughs and branches made,
Soone yeelded to the fire of *Phœbus* Ray,
So dri'd to Dust, consuming quite away:
Whereat, the great *Iehoua* spake the word,
And ouer *Iona's* head there sprang a Gourd, *Vers.* 6.
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gaue it nourishment, as well as birth;
God raised vp a Gourd, a Gourd should last,
Let wind, or scortching Sunne, or blow, or blast;
As coales of fier rak'd in Embers, lye *Simile.*
Obscure, and vndiscerned by the eye;

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But being ſtird, regaine a glimm'ring light,
Reuiue, and glow, burning a-freſh and bright;
So *Ionah* 'gan to cheare through this reliefe,
And ioyfull was, deuoyded all his griefe:
He ioy'd to ſee, that God had not forgot
His drooping ſeruant, nor forſooke him not;
He ioy'd, in hope the Gourds ſtrange wonder will
Perſwade the people, he's a Prophet ſtill;
The freſh aſpect did much content his ſight,
The herball ſauour gaue his ſenſe delight;
So *Ionah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enioy'd the pleaſures, that it did affoord:
Verſ. 7. But Lord! what earthly thing can long remaine?
How momentary are they! and how vaine!
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it!
Her pleaſures riſe, and vaniſh in a minnit:
How fleeting are the ioyes, we find below!
Whoſe tides (vncertaine) alwayes ebbe, and flow;
For lo! this Gourd (that was ſo faire, and ſound)
Is quite conſum'd, and eaten to the ground;
No ſooner *Titan* had vp-heau'd his head,
From off the pillow of his Saffron bed,
But God prepar'd a ſilly, ſilly worme,
(Perchance brought thither, by an Eaſterne ſtorme)
The worme that muſt obey, and well knew how,
Conſum'd it quite, ne left it root, nor bow;
Conſum'd it ſtraight, within a minut's ſpace,
Explicit Hiſt. Left nought, but (ſleeping) *Ionas* in the place.

Meditatio

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Meditatio duodecima.

¶THe Pleasures of the world,(which soone abate)
Are liuely Emblems of our owne estate,
Which(like a Banquet at a Fun'rall show)
But sweeten griefe,and serue to flatter woe.
¶Pleasure is fleeting still,and makes no stay, *Voluptas.*
It lends a smile,or twaine,and steales away.
¶Man's life is fickle,full of winged haste, *Vita.*
It mocks the sense with ioy,and soone does waste.
¶Pleasure does crowne thy youth, and lulls thy wants, *Voluptas.*
But (sullen age approching) straight auaunts.
¶Man's life is Ioy,and Dolor seekes to banish, *Vita.*
It doth lament,and mourne in age,and vanish.
¶The time of pleasure's like the life of man;
Both ioyfull,both contained in a span;
Both highly priz'd,and both on sudden lost,
When most we trust them,they deceiue vs most;
What fit of madnes makes vs loue them thus?
We leaue our liues,and pleasure leaueth vs:
Why what are Pleasures? But a golden dreame, *Voluptas,quale.*
Which(waking)makes our wants the more extreame?
And what is Life? A bubble full of care, *Vita,quale.*
Which(prickt by death) straight empties into ayre:
The flowers(clad in far more rich array,
Then earst was *Salomon*) doe soone decay;
What thing more sweet,or fairer then a flowre?
Nath'les,it blooms,and fades within an howre;
What thing more pleasing then a morning Sun?
And yet this pleasure euery Day is dun:

But

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But thou art heire to *Cræsus*, and thy treasure
Being great, and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure;
But thou (thou *Cræsus* heire) consider must,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust;
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place vpon a loftie seat;
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,
That better 'twere he were not knowne so much.
Another binds his soule in *Hymens* knot,
His Spouse is chaste, and faire withouten spot,
But yet his comfort is bedasht, and done,
His grounds are stock't, and now he want's a sonne.
¶ How fickle, and vnconstant's mans Estate!
Man faine would haue, but then he knowes not what;
And hauing, rightly knowes not how to prize it,
But like the foolish Dunghill-cock imploy's it:
But who desires to liue a life content,
Wherein his Cruze of ioy shall ne'r be spent,
Boetius Philos. consol. Let him consider what may be desir'd,
The date whereof is not to be expir'd:
For that's not worth the craving, to obtaine
A happinesse, that must be lost againe;
Nor that, which most doe couet most, is best;
Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest;
* *Folia vanitatis.* Gasp not for * Honour, wish no blazing glory,
For these will perish in an ages story;
Nor yet for pow'r, for that may be conferr'd
On fooles, as well, as thee, that hast deseru'd.
Thirst not for Lands, nor Mony; wish for none,
* *Lilia terræ.* For * Wealth is neither lasting, nor our owne;
Riches are faire inticements, to deceiue vs;
They flatter, while we liue, and dying, leaue vs.

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THE ARGVMENT.

Ionah *desires to dye, The Lord*
Rebukes him, He maintaines his word,
His anger he doth iustifie,
God pleads the Cause for Niniuie.

Sect. 13.

WHen ruddy *Phœbus* had (with morning light) *Hist.* Chap. 4. 8.
Subdu'd the East, and put the starrs to flight,
The Lord prepar'd a feruent Easterne wind,
Whose drought together with the Sunne combin'd,
Each adding fier to the others heat,
(With strong vnited force) amaine did beat,
And sore reflect vpon the helplesse head
Of fainting *Ionah* (that was well-nye dead)
Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments vse to doe)
And (restlesse) finding no succesſe of ease,
But rather, that his tortures still encrease;
His secret passion to his soule betrai'd,
Wishing with all his heart to dye, and said;
O kill me (Lord) or lo, my heart will riue;
For better 'tis for me to dye then liue:
So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,
Saying, *How now? Is this a seemly fashion?* Verſ. 9. God's speech to Ionah.
Doth it become my seruants heart to swell?
Can anger helpe thee? Ionah, *do'st thou well?*

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Is this a fit ſpeech? or a well-plac'd word?
What, art thou angry (Ionah) *for a Gourd?*
What, if th' Arabians with their ruder traine
Iob. 1. *Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattell ſlaine?*
What, if conſuming fier (falne from heauen)
Had all thy ſeruants of their liues bereauen,
And burnt thy Sheep? What, if by ſtrong oppreſſion
The Chaldees had vſurpt vniuſt poſſeſſion
Vpon thy Cammels? Or had Boreas *blowne*
His full-mouth'd blaſt, and caſt thy houſes downe,
And ſlaine thy ſonnes, amid their iollities?
1. King. 21. 15. *Or hadſt thou loſt thy Vineyard full of trees?*
2. Sam. 12. 3. *Or bin bereaued of thine only Sheep,*
That in thy tender boſome vſ'd to ſleep?
How would thine haſtie ſpirit then bin ſturr'd,
If thou art angry, Ionah, *for a Gourd?*

Ionahs *anſwer.* So *Ionah* frames his anſwere thus, and ſaith,
Lord, I doe well to vex vnto the death;
I bluſh not to acknowledge, and profeſſe
Deſerued rage; I'm angry, I confeſſe;
'Twould make a ſpirit that is thorow frozen,
To blaze like flaming Pitch, and frie like Rozen:
Why doſt thou aske that thing, that thou canſt tell?
Thou know'ſt I'm angry, and it beſeemes me well.

Verſ. 10. So ſaid, the Lord to *Ionah* thus beſpake;
Gods reply. *Doſt thou bemoane, and ſuch compaſſion take*
Vpon a Gourd, whoſe ſeed thou didſt not ſow,
Nor mow'd thy skilfull hands to make it grow,
Whoſe beautie ſmall, and profit was but ſlight,
Which ſprang, and alſo periſht in a night?
Hadſt thou (O duſt and aſhes) ſuch a care,
And in-bred pittie, a trifling plant to ſpare?

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Hadſt thou, (O hard and incompaſſionate,
To wiſh the razing of ſo braue a State)
Hadſt thou (I ſay) compaſſion, to bewaile
The extirpation of a Gourd ſo fraile?
And ſhall not I (that am the Lord of Lords) Verſ. 11.
Whoſe fountaine's neuer dry, but ſtill affords
Sweet ſtreames of mercie, with a freſh ſupply,
To thoſe that thirſt for grace? What ſhall not I,
(That am the God of mercie, and haue ſworne
To pardon ſinners, when ſoe're they turne?
(I ſay) ſhall I diſclaime my wonted pitie,
And bring to ruine ſuch a goodly Citie,
Whoſe hearts (ſo truly penitent) implore me,
Who day and night powre foorth their ſoules before me?
Shall I deſtroy the mightie Niniuie,
Whoſe people are like ſands about the ſea?
'Mong which are ſixe-ſcore thouſand ſoules (at leaſt)
That hang vpon their tender mothers breſt?
Whoſe prettie ſmiles did neuer yet deſcry
The deare affection of their mothers eye?
Shall I ſubuert, and bring to deſolation
A Citie, (nay, more aptly tearm'd a Nation)
Whoſe walls are wide, and wondrous full of might?
Whoſe hearts are ſorrowfull, and ſoules contrite?
Whoſe infants are in number, ſo amounting?
And beaſts, and cattell, endleſſe, without counting?
What, Ionah, *ſhall a Gourd ſo moue thy pitie?*
And ſhall not I ſpare ſuch a goodly Citie? Explicit Hiſt.

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Meditatio vltima.

¶ MY heart is full, and knowes not how to vent;
My tongue proues traytor to my poore intent;
My mind's in labour, and find's no redreſſe;
My heart conceiues, My tongue cannot expreſſe;
My organs ſuffer, through a maine Defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect,
To blazon forth the tythe of what I muſe;
The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
But lo, my faultring tongue muſt ſay no more,
Vnleſſe ſhe ſtep where ſhe hath trod before.
What? ſhall I then be ſilent? No, I'le ſpeake,
(Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
Of deareſt mercie, in as ſweet a ſtraine,
As it ſhall pleaſe my Muſe to lend a vaine;
And when my voyce ſhall ſtop within her ſourſe,
And ſpeech ſhall faulter in this high diſcourſe,
My tyred tongue (vnſham'd) ſhall thus extend,
Only to name, Deare mercie, and ſo end.
¶ Oh high Imperiall King, heauens Architect!
Is man a thing, befitting thy Reſpect?
Lord, thou art wiſdome, and thy wayes are holy,
But man's polluted, full of filth, and folly,
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
And in his ſoule he beares thy glorious brand,
How-e're defaced with the ruſt of ſin,
Which hath abus'd thy ſtamp, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailtie of mans corrupted nature,
Makes thee aſham'd, t'acknowledge man, thy creature,

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But like a tender father, here on earth,
(Whose child by nature, or abortiue birth,
Doth want that sweet and sauourable relliſh,
Wherewith, her creatures, Nature doth imbelliſh)
Reſpects him ne'rtheleſſe; ſo ſtands the caſe,
'Twixt God, and ſinfull man: Though ſinne deface
The glorious portraiture that man did beare,
Whereby he loath'd, and vgly doth appeare,
Yet God (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deep gulfs of mercie, ſweet beyond compare)
Regards, and loues, (with reu'rence be it ſaid)
Nay ſeems to dote on man; when he hath ſtrayd,
Lord, thou haſt brought him to his fold againe;
When he was loſt, thou didſt not then diſdaine
To think vpon a vagabond, and giue
Thine only Sonne to dye, that he might liue.
How poore a mite art thou content withall,
That man may ſcape his downe-approching fall?
Though baſe we are, yet didſt not thou abhorre vs,
But (as our ſtory notes) art pleading for vs,
To ſaue vs harmleſſe from our foemans iawes;
Art thou turn'd Oratour, to plead our cauſe?
¶ How are thy mercies full of admiration!
How ſoueraigne! How ſweet's their application!
Fatning the ſoule with ſweetnes, and repayring
The rotten ruines of a ſoule Deſpayring.
¶ Loe here (*Malfido*) is the feaſt prepar'd;
Fall too with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd;
Taſte freely of it, Here's no Miſers feaſt;
Eate what thou canſt, and pocket vp the reſt:
Theſe precious vyands are Reſtoritie,
Eate then; and if the ſweetnes make thee drie,

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Drink large Carouses out of Mercies cup,
The best lies in the bottome, Drinke all vp:
These cates are sweet Ambrosia to thy soule,
And that, which fils the brimme of Mercies boule,
Is dainty Nectar; Eate, and drinke thy fill;
Spare not the one, ne yet the other spill;
Prouide in time: Thy Banquet's now begun,
Lay vp in store, against the feast be done:
For lo, the time of banquetting is short,
And once being done, the world cannot restor't;
It is a feast of Mercy, and of Grace;
It is a feast for all, or hye, or base;
A feast for him that begs vpon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter sway;
A feast for him that howerly bemoanes
His deerest sinnes, with sighs, and teares, and groanes;
A feast for him, whose gentle heart reformes;
A feast for MEN; and so a FEAST FOR WORMES.

¶ *Deare liefest Lord, that feast'st the world with Grace,*
Extend thy bountious Hand, thy Glorious Face:
Bid ioyfull welcome to thy hungry ghest,
That we may praise the Master of the Feast;
And in thy mercie grant this boone to mee,
That I may dye to sinne, and liue to thee.

FINIS.

S. AMBROSE.
Misericordia est plenitudo omnium virtutum.

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THE GENERALL VSE OF this Hiſtory.

¶ WHen as the Ancient world did all imbarke
Within the compaſſe of good *Noahs* Arke,
Into the new-waſht world a Doue was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Oliffe plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related:
How that the waters were at length abated:
Thoſe ſwelling waters, is the wrath of God,
And like the Doue, are Prophets ſent abroad:
The Oliffe leafe's a ioyfull type of peace,
Whereby we note Gods vengeance doth decreaſe;
They ſalue the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tydings to the drooping ſoule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for Grace,
Mercie to thoſe that Mercie will embrace.
¶ *Malfido*, thou, in whoſe diſtruſtfull breſt
Deſpayre hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſſe brood,
To feed vpon thy heart, and ſuck thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtome and permiſſion
Preſcribe a Right, and ſo ſhe claime poſſeſſion.
¶ Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoop
Vnder the terror of thy ſinnes, and droop
Through dull deſpayre, whoſe too-too ſullen griefe
Makes Heauen vnable to apply reliefe,
Whoſe eares are dull'd with noyſe of whips & chaines,
And yells of damned ſoules, through tort'red paines,

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Come here, and rouze thy ſelfe; vnſeele thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpaire cloſ'd vp; Ariſe, Ariſe,
And goe to *Niniuey*, the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder, and behold, the ballace,
And burthen of her bulk, is nought but ſin,
Which (wilfull) ſhe commits, and wallowes in;
Behold her Images, her fornications,
Her crying ſinnes, her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltleſſe bloud that ſhe did ſpill,
Like Spring-tides in the ſtreets, and reeking ſtill:
Behold her ſcortching luſts, and taint deſier,
Like Sulph'rous *Ætna* blaze, and blaze vp hier;
She rapes, and rends, and theeues, and there is none
Can iuſtly call the thing he hath, his owne;
That ſacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,
In ſtead of worſhipping, ſhe teares in ſunder;
She's not enthrall'd to this ſinne, or another,
But like a Leper's all infected ouer;
Not only ſinfull, but in ſinnes ſubiection,
She's not infected, but a meere infection.
No ſooner had the Prophet (Heau'ns great Spy)
Begun an onſet to his greater Cry,
But ſhe repented, ſigh'd, and wept, and tore
Her curious haire, and garments that ſhe wore,
She ſate in aſhes, and put ſackcloth on,
All drencht in briny griefe, all woe-begon;
She calls a Faſt, proclaimes a Prohibition
To man, and beaſt; (ſad tokens of contrition)
No ſooner prayd, but heard; No ſooner groan'd,
But pitied; No ſooner grieu'd, but moan'd;
Timely Repentance ſpeedy grace procur'd,
The ſore that's ta'ne in time, is quickly cur'd:

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No sooner did her trickling teares or'-flow
Her blubber'd cheekes,(the messengers of woe)
But straitwaies heau'n wip't her suffused eyes,
And gently strok'd her cheeks,and bid her rise;
No faults were seene,as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.
¶ *Malfido,* rouze thy leaden spirit,Bestirre thee,
Hold vp thy drowsie head,Here's comfort for thee;
What if thy Zeale be frozen hard? What then?
Thy Sauiours Blood will thaw that frost agen:
Thy prayr's that should be feruent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull Desier;
What then? Grieue Inly,But doe not dismay,
Who hear's thy pray'rs,will giue thee strength to pray:
Though left awhile,thou art not quite giu'n o're,
Where Sinne abounds,there Grace aboundeth more:
¶ 'Las,this is all the good that I can doe thee,
To ease thy griefe,I here commend vnto thee
A little Booke,but a great Mystery,
A great Delight,A little History;
A little branch slipt from a sauing tree,
But bearing fruit as great,as great mought bee;
A small abridgment 'tis of Gods great loue;
A Message sent from heauen by a Doue:
It is a heauenly Lecture,that relates
To Princes,Pastors,People,all Estates
Their seu'rall duties.
¶ Peruse it well,and binde it to thy brest,
There rests the Cause of thy Defectiue rest:
But reade it often,or else reade it not:
Once read,is not obseru'd,or soone forgot,
Nor is't enough to reade,but vnderstand,

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Or else thy tongue, for want of wit, 's prophan'd,
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it;
Salue heales no sore, vnlesse the party apply it:
Apply it then; 'Tis hard, and mickle paines,
Doe what thou canst, and pray for what remaines.

Hæc quod potes, & quod non potes, pete.

The particular application.

¶ THen thou, that art oppress with sad Despayre,
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of Prayre:
Ionah, Chap. 2. & chap. 3. 10. *Application.* Then pray with faith, and (feruent) without ceasing
(Like *Iacob*) wrestle, till thou get a blessing.
Chap. 1. 17. ¶ Here shalt thou see the type of Christ, thy Sauiour;
Application. Then let thy Suits be through his name, and fauour.
Chap. 3. 5. ¶ Here shalt thou finde repentance, and true griefe
Of sinners like thy selfe, and their beliefe;
Application. Then suit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy soule
Cry mightily, vntill her wounds be whole.
Chap. 3. 10. ¶ Here shalt thou see the meeknes of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents, of what he meant, and seemeth sorie;
Chap. 4. Here mayst thou then behold him pleading for ye:
Application. Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,
In stead of plagues and direfull punishment,
Thou shalt finde mercy, loue, and heauens applause,
And God of heauen (himselfe) will plead thy cause.
¶ Here hast thou then compil'd within this Treasure,
Chap. 1. . . First, the Almighties high, and iust displeasure
Against foule sinne, or such as sinfull bee,
Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.
Chap. 3. 4. ¶ Here is deseri'd the beaten Road to Faith:
Chap. 3. 5. ¶ Here mayst thou see the force that Preaching hath:

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¶Here is describ'd in (briefe but) full expression, Chap.3.8.
The nature of a Conuert, and his passion:
His sober Diet, which is thin, and spare,
His clothing, which is Sackcloth, and his Prayre
Not faintly sent to heauen, nor sparingly,
But piercing, feruent, and a mightie cry:
¶Here maist thou see, how Pray'r, and true Repentance Chap.3.10.
Doe striue with God, preuaile, and turne his sentence,
From strokes to stroking, and from plagues infernall,
To boundlesse Mercies, and to life Eternall.
¶Till *Zepher* lend my Bark a second Gale,
I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my saile.

FINIS.

O Dulcis saluator Mundi! vltima verba que tu dixisti in cruce, sint vltima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius efferuescam passum, quando in cordis mei desiderium.

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WHo giues me then an Adamantine Quill?
A Marble tablet? And a Dauids skill?
To blazon foorth the praise of my deare Lord
In deep grau'n letters, aye vpon Record
To last, for times eternall processe, suer,
So long, as Sunne, and Moone, and Stars enduer:
Had I as many mouthes, as Sands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for euery Starre,
And euery word I speake, a Caractere,
And euery minutes time ten ages were,
To chaunt foorth all thy praise it nought auaile,
For tongues, and words, and time, and all would faile:
Much lesse can I poore Weakling tune my tongue,
To take a taske befits an Angels song;
Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing no more,
Weep then as fast that thou canst sing no more,
Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
For euery blurre will proue a booke of praise.
Thine Eye that viewes the mouing Spheares aboue,
Let it giue praise to him that makes them moue:
Thou riches hast; Thy Hands that hold, and haue them,
Let them giue praise to him, that freely gaue them:
Thine Armes defend thee, then for recompence,
Let them praise him, that gaue thee such defence:
Thy Tongue was giuen to praise thy Lord, the giuer,
Then let thy Tongue praise highest God for euer:
Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will saue thee;
Then let thine Eares praise him, that hearing gaue thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him that first did make it,
My sonne, giue me thy heart; Lord, freely take it:
Eyes, hands, and armes, tongues, eares, and hearts of men,
Sing praise, and let the people say, Amen.

¶ Inne

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¶ *Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,* Psal. 150.
Praise him vpon them in his Sanctuary,
Praise him within the highest Firmament,
Which shewes his power and his gouernment,
Praise him, for all his mighty Acts are knowne,
Praise him according to his high Renowne,
Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill, and sharp,
With Psaltry lowd, and many-stringed Harp,
With sounding Tymbrell, and delightfull Flute,
With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute,
Praise him vpon the Mayden Virginalls,
Vpon the clerick Organs, and Cymballs,
Vpon the sweet maiestick Vyalls touch,
Double your ioyes, and let your praise be such;
Let all, in whom is life and breath, giue praise
To mighty God of Hosts, in endlesse dayes;
Let euery Soule, to whom a voyce is giuen,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of heauen;
For loe, a Lambe is found, that vndertooke
To breake the seuen-fold-seale, and ope the Booke:
¶ *O let my life add number to my dayes,*
To shew thy Glory, and to sing thy praise;
Let euery minute in thy praise be spent,
Let euery head be bare, and knee be bent
To thee (deare Lambe;) Who ere thy praises hide,
O let his lips be clos'd, and tongue for euer ty'de.

Halelujah:
Gloria Deo in excelsis.

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Eleuen Pious Meditations.

I

¶ *WIthin the holy Writ I well discouer*
Three speciall Attributes of God; His Power,
His Iustice, *and his* Mercy, *All vncreated,*
Eternall all, and all Vnseparated
From Gods pure Essence, yet from thence proceeding
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding;
And from that selfe-same Text three names I gather
Of Great Iehoua; Lord, *and* God, *and* Father;
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Maiesty, Dominion;
The next descries him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Euill with dreadfull punishments;
The third describes him on his Mercy-seate,
Full great in Grace, and in his Mercy great;
¶ *All three I worship, and before all three*
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knee;
But in my priuate choice, I fancie rather,
Then call him Lord, *or* God, *to call him* Father.

¶ *In*

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¶ *IN Hell no* Life, *in Heauen no* Death *there is,*
In Earth both Life, *and* Death, *both Bale, and Blis,*
In Heauen's all Life, *no end, nor new ſupplying;*
In Hell's all Death, *and yet there is no dying;*
Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth
Prepare for Death, *or* Life, *prepares for Both;*
Who liues to ſinne, in Hell his portion's giuen,
Who dyes to ſinne, ſhall after liue in Heauen.
¶ *Though Earth my* Nurſe *be, Heauen, be thou my* Father;
Ten thouſand deaths let me enduer rather
Within my Nurſes *armes, then One to* Thee;
Earths honor, with thy frownes, is death to mee:
I liue on Earth, as on a Stage *of ſorrow,*
Lord, if thou pleaſeſt, end the Play *to morrow:*
I liue on Earth, as in a Dreame of pleaſure,
Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leiſure:
I liue on Earth, but as of life bereauen,
My life's with thee, for (Lord) thou art in Heauen.

¶ *Nothing*

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¶ NOthing that e'r was made, was made for nothing:
Beasts *for thy food, their* skins *were for thy clothing,*
Flow'rs *for thy smell, and* Herbs *for Cuer good,*
Trees *for thy shade, Their* Fruit *for pleasing Food.*
The showers *fall vpon the fruitfull ground,*
Whose kindly Dew *makes tender* Grasse *abound,*
The Grasse *is made for* beasts *to feed vpon,*
And beasts *are food for* Man: *But* Man *alone*
Is made to serue his Lord *in all his waies,*
And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.
¶ *Let* Heau'n *be then to me obdure as brasse,*
The Earth *as yron, vnapt for graine, or grasse,*
Then let my Flocks *consume, and neuer steed me,*
Let pinching Famine *want, wherewith to feed me,*
When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)
Thy glorious Attributes, thy Works, *thy* Word.
O let the Trump of thine eternall Fame,
Sound euer, Euer hallow'd be thy Name.

¶ God

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¶ God made the World, and all that therein is,
Yet, what a little part of it is his?
Quarter the Earth, and see, how small a roome
Is stiled with the name of Christendome;
The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,
O're-run with Pagans, Turks, and Infidels:
Nor yet is all this little Quarter his,
For (though all know him) halfe know him amisse.
Professing Christ for lucre, (as they list)
And serue the triple Crowne of Antichrist;
Yet is this little handfull much made lesser,
Ther's many Libertines, for one Professor:
Nor doe Professors all professe aright;
'Mong whom there often lurks an Hypocrite.
¶ O where, and what's thy Kingdome? (blessed God)
Where is thy Scepter? wher's thine yron Rod?
Reduce thy reckonings to their totall summe,
O let thy Power, and thy Kingdome Come.

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¶ MAN *in himselfe's a little* World, *Alone,*
His Soul's *the* Court, *or high Imperiall Throne,*
Wherein as Empresse, *sits the* Vnderstanding
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:
Her Handmaid's WILL: Affections, *Maids of Honor,*
All following close, and duly waiting on her:
But Sin, *that alwaies enui'd mans Condition,*
Within this kingdome raised vp Diuision;
Withdrawne mans Will, *and brib'd his false* Affection,
That This, *no order hath, nor* That, *Election;*
The Will *proues traitor to the* Vnderstanding;
Reason *hath lost her power, and left commanding,*
She's quite depos'd, and put to foule disgrace,
And Tyrant Will, *vsurps her Empty place.*
¶ *Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little* World *of mine*
To raigne, that I may raigne with Thee *in thine:*
And since my will *is quite of good bereauen,*
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in heauen.

¶ *Who*

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¶ WHo liue to ſin, they all are theeues to Heauen,
And Earth; They ſteale frō God, & take vngiuen;
Good men they rob, and ſuch as liue vpright,
And (being baſtards) ſhare the free-mans Right:
They're all as owners, in the owners ſtead,
And (like to Dogs) deuoure the childrens bread;
They haue, and lack, and want what they poſſeſſe,
They're moſt vnhappy, in their moſt happineſſe:
They are not goods, but riches, that thou haſt,
And not being goods, to euils they turne at laſt.
¶ (Lord) what I haue, let me enioy in thee,
And thee in it, or elſe take it from mee;
My ſtore, or want, make thou, or fade, or flouriſh,
So ſhall my comforts neither change, nor periſh;
That little I enioy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making me (that am a Sinner) thine;
'Tis thou, or none, that ſhall ſupply my need,
O Lord; Giue vs this day our daily bread.

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¶ THe *quick-conceited* Schoole-men *well approue*
A difference 'twixt Charitie, *and* Loue;
Loue *is a vertue, whereby we explaine*
Our ſelues to God, *and* God *to* vs *againe:*
But Charity's *imparted to our Brother,*
Whereby we traffick, one *man with* another:
The firſt *extends to* God; *The* laſt *belongs*
To man, *In giuing* right, *and bearing* wrongs;
In number, they are twaine, *In vertue,* One;
For one not truly being, t'others none.
¶ *In louing* God, *if I neglect my* Neighbour,
My loue *hath loſt his proofe, and I my labour:*
My Zeale, *my* Faith, *my* Hope *that neuer failes me,*
(*If* Charitie *be wanting*) *nought auailes me.*
¶ (*Lord*) *in my Soule, a ſpirit of* Loue *create me,*
And I will loue my Brother, *if he hate me:*
In nought but loue, *let me enuy my betters;*
And then, Forgiue *my debts, as I my detters.*

¶ *If*

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¶ *I finde a true reſemblance in the growth*
Of Sin, *and* Man; *Alike in breeding, both;*
The Soul's *the* Mother, *and the* Diuell Syer,
Who luſting long in mutuall hot deſier,
Enioy their wils, *and ioyne in* Copulation;
The Seed *that fils her* wombe, *is foule* Tentation;
The ſinnes Conception, *is the Soules* Conſent;
And then it quickens, *when it gives* content;
The birth of Sin *is finiſht in the* action;
And Cuſtome *brings it to its full* perfection.
¶ *O let my fruitleſſe* Soule *be barren rather,*
Then bring foorth ſuch a Child, *for ſuch a* Father:
Or if my Soule breed Sin, *(not being wary)*
O let it either dye, *or elſe* miſcarry;
*She is thy Spouſe (*O Lord*) doe thou aduiſe her,*
Keepe thou her chaſte, Let not the Fiend *entice her:*
Trie thou my heart, Thy Trials *bring* Saluation,
But let me not be led into Temptation.

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¶ FOrtune *(that blind ſuppoſed Goddeſſe) is*
Still rated at, if ought ſucceed amiſſe;
'Tis ſhe (the vaine abuſe of Prouidence)
That beares the blame, *when others make th'* offence;
When this mans barne *finds not her wonted* ſtore,
Fortune's *condemn'd, becauſe ſhe ſent no more;*
If this man dye, or that man liue too long,
Fortune's *accuſ'd, and ſhe hath done the wrong;*
Ah fooliſh Dolts, *and (like your* Goddeſſe) *blind!*
You make the fault, *and call your* Saint *vnkind;*
For when the cauſe of Eu'll *begins in* Man,
Th'effect enſues from whence the cauſe began;
Then know the reaſon of thy diſcontent,
The eu'll of Sinne, *makes Eu'll of* puniſhment.
¶ *(Lord) hold me vp, or ſpurre me, when I fall;*
So ſhall my Eu'll be iuſt, *or not at all:*
Defend me from the World, *the* Fleſh, *the* Deuill,
And ſo thou ſhalt deliuer me from Euill.

¶ *The*

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¶ THe *Prieſtly* skirts *of* A'rons *holy coate*
I kiſſe; and to my morning Muſe *deuote:*
Had neuer King, *in any age, or Nation,*
Such glorious Robes, *ſet foorth in ſuch a faſhion,*
With Gold, *and* Gemmes, *and* Silks *of Princely Dye,*
And Stones, *befitting more then* Maieſtie:
The Perſian Sophies, *and rich* Shæba's Queene
Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had ſeene;
Vpon the skirts *(in order as they fell)*
Firſt, a Pomegranat *was, and then a* Bell;
By each Pomegranat *did a* Bell *appeare;*
Many Pomegranats, *many* Bels *there were;*
Pomegranats nouriſh, *Bels doe make a* ſound;
As bleſſings *fall,* Thankſgiuings *muſt abound.*
¶ *If thou wilt clothe my heart with* A'rons *tyer,*
My tongue *ſhall praiſe, as well as* heart *deſier:*
My tongue, *and* pen, *ſhall dwell vpon thy* Story,
(O Lord) for thine is Kingdome, Power, Glory.

¶ *The*

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¶ *The Ancient* Sophists, *that were so precise,*
(And often-times (perchance) too curious *mice)*
Auerre, that Nature *hath bestow'd on Man*
Three perfect Soules: *When this I truly scan,*
Me thinks, their Learning *swath'd in Errour, lyes;*
They were not wise *enough, and yet too* wise,
Too curious wise, because they mention more
Then one; *Not wise enough, because not* foure;
Nature, *not* Grace, *is Mistres of their* Schooles;
Grace *counts them* wisest, *that are veriest* Fooles:
Three Soules *in man?* Grace *doth a* fourth *allow,*
The Soule of Faith: *But this is* Greeke *to you:*
'Tis Faith *that makes man* truly wise; *'Tis* Faith
Makes him possesse that thing he neuer hath.
¶ *This* Glorious *Soule of* Faith *bestow on mee,*
(O Lord) or else take thou the other three:
Faith *makes men* lesse *then Children,* more *then Men,*
It makes the Soule crie, Abba, *and* Amen.

Sapere est insipere.

FINIS.

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PENTELOGIA:

Or

THE QVINTESSENCE OF MEDITATION.

Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cæli,
Et Dolor Inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.

Thy Death, the Death of Christ, the Worlds Tentation,
Heauens Ioy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngston*, for *Richard Moore*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Saint
Dunstans Church-yard. 1620.

Mors tua.

I

¶ ME thinks, I see the nimble-aged Syre
Passe by amaine, with feete vnapt to tyre,
Vpon his head an Hower-glasse he weares,
And in his wrinkled hand, a Sithe he beares,
(Both Instruments, to take the liues from Men,
Th'one shewes with what, the other sheweth when.)
Me thinkes, I heare the Dolefull Passing-bell,
Setting an onset to his lowder knell;
(This moody musick of impartiall Death
Who daunces after, daunces out of breath.)
Me thinkes, I see my dearest friends lament,
With sighs, and teares, and wofull dryriment,
My tender Wife, and Children, standing by,
Dewing the Death-bed, whereupon I lye.
Me thinkes, I heare a Voyce (in secret) say,
Thy Glasse is runne, and thou must dye to day.

2

¶ And am I here, and my Redeemer gone?
Can He be dead, and is not my life done?
Was he tormented in exceſſe of meaſure?
And doe I liue yet? And yet liue in pleaſure?
Alas! could Sinners finde out ne'r a one,
More fit then Thee, for them to ſpit vpon?
Did thy cheekes entertaine a Traytors lips?
Was thy deare body ſcourg'd, and torne with whips,
So that the guiltleſſe blood came trickling after?
And did thy fainting browes ſweat blood and water?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd vpon the Curſed Tree?
O world of Griefe! And was all this for mee?
¶ Burſt foorth, my teares, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my nights of griefe ne'r finde a morrow;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy ſeruant roome,
Within his heart, to build thy heart a Tombe.

¶ What

3

¶ WHat is the World? *A great* Exchange *of ware,*
Wherein all sorts, *and* sexes *cheapning are,*
The Flesh, *the* Diuell *sit, and cry,* What lack ye?
When most they fawne, they most intend to rack ye;
The wares, are Cups of Ioy, *and Beds of* Pleasure,
There's goodly choice, downe weight, and flowing measure;
A Soul's the price, *but they giue time to pay,*
Vpon the Death-bed, *on the dying* Day.
¶ *Hard is the Bargaine, and vniust the* Measure,
When as the Price *so much out-lasts the* Pleasure:
The Ioyes that are on earth are Counterfeits;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true Deceits;
They flatter, fawne, and (like the Crocadile)
Kill *where they laugh, and* murther *where they smile:*
They daily dip with us thy Dish, *and Cry,*
Who hath betray'd thee? *Master,* Is it I?

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4

¶ WHen I behold, and well aduiſe vpon
Eccleſ.1. The Wiſemans ſpeech, There's nought beneath (the Sun,
But vanitie, my Soule rebells within,
And loaths the Dunghill-priſon ſhe is in:
But when I looke to new Ieruſalem,
Wherein's reſeru'd my Crowne, my Diadem,
O what a Heauen of bliſſe, my Soule enioyes,
On ſudden rapt into that heauen of Ioyes!
Where rauiſht (in the depth of meditation)
She well diſcernes, with Eye of Contemplation,
The Glory' of God, in his Imperiall Seat,
Full ſtrong in Might, in Maieſtie compleat,
Where troups of Powers, Vertues, Cherubins,
Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphins,
Are chaunting praiſes to their heauenly King,
Where Halelujah they for euer ſing.

¶ Let

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Dolor Inferni.

5

¶ *Let Poets please to torture* Tantalus,
Let gryping Vultures gnaw Prometheus,
And let Ixion *turne his endlesse Wheele,*
Let Nemesis *torment with whips of Steele;*
They far come short, t'expresse the paines of those
That rage in Hell, *enwrapt in endlesse woes;*
Where time *no end, nor* plagues *finde no exemption;*
Where cryes *admit no helpe, nor* place *redemption;* *Ex infernis nulla redemptio.*
Where fier lacks no flame, *the flame no* heate,
To make their torments *sharp, and* plagues *compleat;*
Where wretched Soules to tortures *bound shall bee,*
Serving a world *of yeeres, and not be* Free;
Where nothing's heard, but yells, *and* sudden cryes;
Where fier *never flakes, nor* Worme *e'r dyes:*
Entombe this Hell *is plac'd* (my Muse) *stop there,*
And shew me what it is, but never where.

Can

1 *Mors tua.*

¶ *Can he be* Faire, *that withers at a Blaſt?*
Or he be Strong, *that Ayery Breath can caſt?*
Can he be Wiſe, *that knowes not how to liue?*
Or he be Rich, *that nothing hath to giue?*
Can he be Yong, *that's Feeble, Weake, and Wan?*
So Faire, *ſo* Strong, *ſo* Wiſe, *ſo* Rich, *ſo* Yong is Man:
So Faire is Man, *that* Death *(a parting Blaſt)*
Crops his faire Flow'r, and makes him Earth *at laſt;*
So Strong is Man, *that with a Gaſping* Breath
He totters, and bequeaths his Strength to Death;
So Wiſe is Man, *that if with* Death *he ſtriue,*
His Wiſdome cannot teach him how to liue;
So Rich is Man, *that (all his* Debts *b'ing pay'd)*
His wealth's the Winding-ſheet *wherein hee's lay'd:*
So Yong is Man, *that (broke with* Care *and* Sorrow)
Hee's old enough to Day, to Dye to Morrow:
Why bragg'ſt thou then, Thou Worme *of Fiue foot-long?*
Th'art neither Faire, *nor* Strong, *nor* Wiſe, *nor* Rich,
(nor Yong.

I Thurſt; *And who ſhall quench this Eager* Thurſt?
I Grieue; *And with my* griefe *my Heart will Burſt;*
I Grieue; *becauſe* I thurſt *without Reliefe;*
I Thurſt, *becauſe my Soule is burnt with* Griefe;
I thurſt; *And (dri'd with* Griefe) *my Heart will Dye;*
I Grieue, *and* thurſt *the more, For Sorrow's* drie:
The more I grieue, *the more my* thurſt *appeares:*
Would God! I had not grieu'd out all my teares;
I Thurſt; *And yet my Griefes haue made a* Floud;
But Teares *are ſalt; I* Grieue, *and* Thurſt *for* Bloud;
I Grieue *for* Bloud; *for* Bloud *muſt ſend* Reliefe;
I Thurſt *for* Bloud, *for* Bloud *muſt eaſe my* Griefe;
I Thurſt *for* ſacred *Bloud of a Deare* Lambe;
I Grieue *to thinke from* whence *that Deare* Blood *came;*
'Twas ſhed for Mee, *O let me drinke my* fill,
Although my Griefe *remaine* Entier *ſtill:*
O ſouereigne Pow'r of that Vermilion SPRING,
Whoſe Vertue, neither Heart *conceiues, nor* Tongue can
(ſing.

I *Loue the* World *(as Clients loue the* Lawes)
To manage the vprightnes of my Cauſe;
The World *loues me, as Sheepheards doe their* Flocks,
To Rob, *and* ſpoyle *them of their fleecy Locks;*
I loue the World, *and vſe it as mine* Inne,
To bait, and reſt my tyred Carkaſſe *in:*
The World *loues* me, *For what? To make her* Game;
For filthy Sinne, *ſhe ſels me timely* Shame;
Foorth from her Eyes *doe Springs of* Venome *burſt,*
But like a Baſiliske *I'le ſee her* firſt;
And this my firme intended Courſe ſhall be,
To poyſon her, *or ſhe will poyſon me:*
We liue at Iarres, *as froward Gameſters doe,*
Still guarding, *not* Regarding *others Foe;*
I loue the World, to ſerue my turne, *and leaue her,*
'Tis no Deceit *to* Coozen *a* Deceiuer;
Shee'l not miſſe me, I, leſſe the World ſhall miſſe,
To loſe a World *of* Griefe, *t' enioy a* World *of* Bliſſe.

Earth

4 *Gloria Cœli.*

EArth *ſtands immou'd, and* Fixt, *Her Cituation*
Admits no locall Change, *no Alteration,*
HEAVEN *alway* moues, *renuing ſtill his place,*
And euer ſees vs with another Face;
EARTH *ſtandeth* Fixt, *yet there I liue* oppreſt;
HEAVEN *alway moues, yet there is all my* Reſt:
Enlarge thy ſelfe, my SOVLE, *with* Meditation,
Mount there, and there beſpeake thy Habitation;
Where Ioyes *are full, and pure, not mixt with mourning,*
All Endleſſe, and from which is no returning:
No Theft, *no Cruell* Murther *harbours there,*
No Hoary-headed Care, *no ſudden* Feare,
No pinching Want, *no (Griping faſt)* Oppreſſion,
Nor Death, *the* ſtipend *of our foule* Tranſgreſſion:
But deareſt Friendſhip, Loue, *and laſting* Pleaſure
Aye there abides, withouten ſtint, or Meaſure;
Fulneſſe *of* Riches, Comfort *ſempeternall,*
Exceſſe *without a ſurfeiting*; *And* Life Eternall.

The

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5 *Dolor Inferni.*

THe Trump *shall blow, The* Dead *(awak'd) shall rise,*
And to the Clouds *shall turne their wondring* Eyes;
The Heauen *shall ope, The* Bridegroome *foorth shall come,*
To iudge *the World, and giue the World her* Doome:
Ioy *to the* Iust, *to others Endlesse* Smart;
To those *the Voyce bids* Come, *to* these, Depart;
Depart *from* Life, *yet (dying)* liue *for* Euer;
For Euer dying *be, and yet* Dye Neuer;
Depart *like* Dogs, *with* Divels *take your lot;*
Depart *like* Divels, *for* I know you not;
Like Dogs, *like* Divels *goe, Goe Howle, and Barke;*
Depart *in* Darknes, *for your* deeds *were Darke;*
Let roring *be your* Mvsick, *And your* Food
Be flesh of Vipers, *And your Drinke, their* Blood;
Let Fiends *afflict thee, with* Reproch, *and* Shame,
Depart, Depart *into Eternall* Flame:
If Hell *the Guerdon then of* Sinners *bee,*
(Lord) giue me Hel *on Earth (Lord) giue me* Heaven
—vv—vv— *Iam Desine Tibia versus.* *(with thee.*

FINIS.

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